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MEDIATION IN GREECE

MR. ATTLEE'S reply to the statement on Greece, prepared by the Union of Democratic Control and signed, among others, by about 70 Labour M.P.s, was disappointing. The statement urged the Government to support the sending of a United Nations Mediator or Mediating Commission "with a view to securing an armistice in the civil war and the formation of a Government in Athens willing and able to reconcile the forces in conflict"; and it reminded Mr. Attlee that Mr. Evatt, the Socialist Foreign Minister of Australia, had used his position as President of the Assembly to press for such a policy, and had received the support of a number of responsible "middle of the road" politicians within Greece itself. In refusing to consider this proposal, the Prime Minister argued that the United Nations' Charter "expressly precludes interference in matters essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any State."

It is surprising to learn that Britain and America during the last three years have kept their fingers out of Greek affairs. (There is certainly less evidence of intervention from Communist countries.) But it would be unprofitable to enter into a controversy with the Government either about intervention in Greece or about the niceties of the Charter. If Mr. Attlee had regarded mediation in the Greek civil war as opportune, he would have had no difficulty in finding plenty of legal grounds for encouraging it. What matters is, not the arguments for and against the propriety of mediation, but the fact that he does not want it at any price, and that his view apparently is shared by Mr. Truman. The Western Powers seem to have decided that the Cold War must be won in every area of dispute before they will consent to resume negotiations with the Eastern Bloc.

This doctrine has no doubt its attractions for harassed politicians. It is a simple rule of thumb, relatively easy to pursue. In this it resembles the "unconditional surrender" which became the Allied policy against Germany because no one could agree what to do if and when Germany did surrender. Moreover, for far too long after the war the Western Powers—particularly in Germany—used the impossibility of reaching an agreement with Russia as an excuse for their lack of policy in the Zones which they controlled. The Russians carried out their policy under the cover of negotiations: we negotiated in order to postpone making up our minds. Now, apparently, it is felt, both in London and Washington, that the only way to avoid being lured by the Russians back into our former mood of chronic indecision is to present them with a number of *faits accomplis* all over the world, and, meanwhile, to refuse any and every form of discussion and conciliation with regard to particular problems.

In the case of Germany this may now be the only course to follow—to make Western Union and Atlantic Union going concerns before we sit down to negotiate a peace treaty with the Kremlin. If this involves hardship for the Berliners, their vote last week seems to show that they very much prefer that to our withdrawal under duress. But does it follow that because the time for conciliation has not come in Germany—the crux of the whole East-West conflict—conciliation must be ruled out in peripheral areas like Greece? We do not believe it.

Let us be clear on one point. In Greece, as in Berlin, Great Power prestige has become a paramount consideration. It is not only the strategic value of Greece in war that is at stake, but the political effect in Europe and the Middle East of any Western withdrawal under duress. There can be little doubt that if America tomorrow pulled out her military advisers and cancelled her dollar support, and if Britain withdrew her few thousand soldiers, the present civil war would end in the establishment of a regime merged in the Eastern Bloc. This is due not only to the unpopularity of the present reactionary Government, but mainly to the geographic and economic situation of Greece. The basic Western case is that if Greece, allotted at Yalta to the Western sphere, were detached by pressure from the Eastern Bloc, the balance of power would be disturbed, and international tension dangerously increased.

It is understandable, therefore, that Mr. Attlee should be suspicious of any proposals for conciliation which would seem to undermine the Western orientation of Greece, and should fear that an armistice would only be used by the Communists to rally their forces for renewed activity. But is it really true that support by the Western Powers for mediation in the civil war would have this effect? The Greek people suffered terribly under the Germans. They are suffering almost as terribly under the civil war. It has already destroyed most of the political elements which believe in genuine democracy, and has put political power into the hands of extremists of both sides. The vast majority of the population are sick of politics and politicians, and are looking for someone who will consider not Great Power policy and prestige but the welfare of their country. By ruling out mediation with highly legalistic arguments, Mr. Attlee increases this mood of cynical despondence and confirms the intransigeance of a Government which has a vested interest in civil war.

In the long run, such a policy can benefit only the Communists. The support coming from abroad to General Markos has been small; possibly it is Cominform policy not to go all out for a military victory, but to maintain the guerilla war as a running sore which will gradually spread over the whole body of the nation and make Communism the only alternative to an outright Fascist dictatorship. Unless we are willing to accept Fascism as a bulwark against Communism, we should realise that war *à l'outrance* plays straight in the hands of the enemies of democracy.

But the only alternative to this is mediation initiated by Britain and America. It is true that the basis for accord is hard to find. But this is not a reason for refusing to try, or for dismissing as "appeasement" the only policy which can recreate Greek democracy and provide the basis for a genuine Western orientation of Greek opinion. There are occasions when humanity and a consideration for human welfare are the best form of strategy. This is one of them.

German Socialists' Chauvinism

The Berlin elections were certainly a vote *against* the Russians; but it would be dangerous to assume that they were also a vote *for* democracy. The remarkable increase in the size of the Social-democratic majority was due, not to any Socialist programme outlined by Neumann and Reuther, but to the fact that their speeches were more violently nationalist in tone than that of the other party leaders. Under the inspiration of Dr. Schumacher, German social democracy is growing dangerously chauvinist. While compromising on the grave social crisis arising out of currency reform, it concentrates its energies on such "patriotic" issues as dismantling. It is disturbing, for instance, to note that it was the Socialist Party of Schleswig Holstein which led the anti-British agitation last week in Eckernferde. This magnificent torpedo-testing station, which survived the first world war and was vastly extended by Hitler, can have no civilian use at all except as temporary housing. A personal visit was made to the site by Lord Henderson to ensure that the demolitions were so arranged that 15 out of the 19 suitable buildings were retained for this purpose. But the German Socialists were not appeased; and last Tuesday they organised in Kiel a mass demonstration which stood in one-minute's silence to mourn the destruction of the finest installation of Hitler's U-boat war. They would have been better engaged in rallying the working class against the Frankfurt politicians whose insane policy of decontrol is a deadly threat to the improved standard of living.

Dismantling and Reparations

Meanwhile, the Humphrey Committee of American businessmen, appointed by Mr. Hoffman to review the list of plants scheduled for dismantling in Western Germany, has framed a report which carries to a fantastic length the principle that the industrial potential of Germany must be "saved" in the interests of the recovery of the Marshall Plan area. It is said that the British and French Governments have both protested at the nature of the Committee's findings—an indication, we trust, that a joint Anglo-French policy in relation to this problem is on the way to being formed. Incidentally, it is apt to be forgotten that, quite apart from the question of French security, the value of the reparations to be paid by Germany depends directly on the degree of dismantling which is to be imposed. Under the Four-Power agreement of 1946, the total number of factories to be dismantled was assessed at 1,600—a figure scaled down, in 1947, to under 700, or about 1 per cent. of all the plant in the Western Reich. So far, as *The Times* has pointed out in a striking article published on Wednesday of this week, reparations collected from the Western Zones are really insignificant, amounting to little more than £60 millions at 1938 values. Furthermore, there is considerable evidence that many German assets held abroad, in Switzerland and South America, have escaped liquidation, while the British Deputy Director of the Joint Export-Import Agency has just drawn attention to the ingenuity with which German exporters are "salting away" foreign currency by faking the invoices of goods shipped abroad. We have consistently argued that the recovery of Europe is impossible without a planned and controlled revival of German production. This means that Britain and France should unite to defeat the American conception of concentrating on rebuilding Western Germany under private capitalism, without control or discrimination.

British Policy in China

From the medley of Nationalist and Communist claims and counter-claims in Northern China one fairly clear fact emerges: whatever temporary success General Fu Tso-yi may be having in delaying the Communist advance on Pekin and Tientsin, the Kuomintang position in the Yangtse theatre of operations is becoming increasingly desperate. The bulk of the Nationalist forces which endeavoured to fall back from Suchow on Nanking have been encircled and are being gradually compressed. The *sauve qui peut* from Nanking has already begun; and in Shanghai, where current conditions are described in a correspondent's letter published in this week's London Diary, there is a growing feeling among the European community that the most disastrous of all courses would be for the United States to endeavour to maintain any form of "base" on the Chinese mainland. Indeed, it seems probable that the remnants of the Kuomintang's discredited leadership will seek refuge in the island of Formosa, where the Japanese did their work of liquidation thoroughly and where the local administration has a reputation even less enviable than that of the "C.C. clique." When Nanking falls into Communist hands, a situation will clearly arise in which British policy towards the Chinese Communists will have to be clarified. So far, the question of recognising diplomatically Mao Tse-tung has not arisen, since his status is that of Secretary of the Chinese Communist Party. It seems probable, however, that the arrival of Communist forces in the Chinese capital will be followed by the establishment of a provisional government claiming jurisdiction at any rate over all Northern China. Whatever the attitude of the State Department may be, Britain cannot afford to lose such chances as there are of saving some of her important investment chestnuts from the Chinese fire. On realistic grounds there is a strong case against quarrelling with a regime to which we may one day have to grant *de facto* recognition.

Defence Problems

The extended debates on the Bill to amend the term of national service revealed once again the haziness of the Government's defence plan. Mr. Alexander still seems to be quite unaware that the "fluidity of the situation" is no excuse for the feebleness of mind which has given us the largest and most expensive army in our history with the fewest effective units. Co-ordination of the three services—the *raison d'être* of the Ministry of Defence—has scarcely been attempted, though great economies could be achieved by it. Even worse, the principle of universal service is being steadily undermined by deferments and exemptions. In this way conscription, by what Mr. Paget not unfairly described as "under-the-counter" methods, is being stealthily transformed into selective draft. Mr. Churchill's threat to expose the waste of money and man-power is not to be taken lightly, and the Prime Minister would be well advised to anticipate it by including one extra name in the New Year's Honours List.

Congress and E.R.P.

The report of the Congressional committee charged with acting as "watch-dog" over E.R.P. expresses the view that, though American dollars have successfully pump-primed both agricultural and factory production in the Marshall Plan area, the "major goal" of economic unification of the E.R.P. countries has not been "substantially advanced." The announcement that the proposed visit to Paris of Sir Stafford Cripps, for the purpose of endeavouring to dovetail the 19 national four-year plans into one global balance-sheet, is to be postponed until January makes it evident that, when Congress is asked for an extra billion dollars to carry the Economic Co-operation Administration through the second quarter of next year, it will still be looking in vain for concrete evidence of a European "get-together." The more the implications of these national plans are studied, the clearer it becomes that the task of reconciling them will be extremely difficult. Apart from the fact that the Nineteen, between them, propose to sell to each other much more than they buy, there is the serious problem presented by the fact that, in four years' time, the E.R.P. area will still have a deficit of nearly 1,300 million dollars with the Western Hemisphere, and that—save in the unlikely event of convertibility of currencies being re-established—this unfavourable dollar balance cannot readily be redressed by surplus earnings with the sterling area. Furthermore, in their desperate need for food and raw materials from hard currency countries, the Nineteen will all be pressing exports largely competitive with each other. Until there is genuine centralised planning in the Marshall Plan area—and this means a real abrogation of national sovereignties—it is not easy to see how an integrated Four-Year Plan is ever to take shape on convincing lines. Nevertheless, before Congress condemns out of hand this European "failure," it will do well to remember that a major factor in Europe's difficulties is the huge favourable balance in the U.S. overseas trade accounts.

Native Policy in South Africa

Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr has died at an inconvenient and critical moment in South African politics. He was the one prominent figure who stood for a decent and liberal attitude towards the Coloured population; and his death coincided with a new attempt by the Prime Minister, Mr. Malan, to remove the limited franchise rights that the Natives have previously enjoyed under the British South Africa Act. This move has been challenged by Mr. Havenga, Finance Minister and leader of the Afrikaner Party—not so much because he is a liberal as on the grounds that it is not constitutional to tamper with these franchise provisions with only a bare Parliamentary majority. By comparison with Mr. Malan and the bulk of the Nationalist Party, Mr. Havenga is undoubtedly a "moderate" and, just prior to the elections this year, he approached the Labour Party with a proposal for an electoral alliance. Once before, when he was Finance Minister with the backing of the Labour Party, Mr. Havenga sponsored much useful social legislation besides endorsing the "White South Africa" policy which appealed to the trade unions. This, coupled with his sense in keeping free from the Nazi associations which have compromised Mr. Malan everywhere but in South Africa, permits him to come forward as a rational conservative. At the same time, Mr. Havenga can count on substantial Boer support, for he is a veteran of the war against the British. While there may be no hope of preventing Mr. Malan from carrying his proposals, since many in General Smut's United Party are in sympathy with them, Mr. Havenga is interested in the future. With Mr. Malan reaching an advanced age and possible major re-alignments in the party set-up ahead, the Afrikaner leader may see the post of Premier falling to him if he plays his hand discreetly.

Housing Progress

The most recent statistics of new houses finished have an impressive appearance; and it seems likely that the final figure for 1948 will be round about 230,000—more than the total post-war output up to the end of 1947. The high figures for this year are, however, mainly due to the policy of concentrating on the completion of houses already begun, instead of beginning upon new ones; and this is likely to mean a fairly sharp fall next year in the number of houses built, unless it proves possible, early in the year, to increase supplies of materials—especially timber—and also to secure a faster pace among the building workers. As we pointed out recently in commenting on the Ministry of Works Report on costs and types, the crux of the problem of cost is the very low rate of output now current. This is attributable partly to delays and difficulties in the supply of materials, but mainly to a fall in the average efficiency of labour—due in large measure to the dislocation of the industry during the war years, but also to poor numbers and lack of co-operation. In the long run, the improvement of housing conditions depends on this factor of efficiency.

IN PARLIAMENT: "Give me back my Legion"

So many Labour Members had previous engagements during the Conscription Debates, that from time to time the Government had to rely on the Opposition in order to insure itself against defeat. Inside the Chamber, the Minister of War and the Minister of Defence had their backs to the wall against a small coalition of pacifists, Liberals, Leftists and anti-Bevin irreconcilables, all of whom, whether they were right or wrong, had been consistent in their principles since the National Service Bill was first introduced.

The Ministers were in a different case. They gave the impression that no policy for manpower had ever been decided, and that the course on conscription had been determined by the accident of events and the gusts of criticism. No wonder then that many Government supporters, while unwilling to vote against the Bill, could not approve of the way it was introduced, and abstained.

When he was at the Admiralty, Alexander was widely held to be the greatest First Lord since Bracken. During his term as Minister of Defence, he has found it hard to sustain an equally high reputation. The Admiralty may run itself, but the Minister of Defence must be more than ornamental. He must co-ordinate the Service Ministries. He must have foresight, and he must have a policy.

After Alexander, winding-up for the Government in the Committee Stage, had established both a lack of foresight and of policy in his administration, Crossman sealed and delivered judgment by informing the Minister of the professional service he should by now have created, instead of these stop-gap measures; and that in voting for the Bill he wasn't voting for the Minister. At this point, Alexander, much belaboured but still game, got on his legs once more. But the Chief Whip saved him from further punishment by moving the Closure.

During the many slightly irritable skirmishes that took place on the Government benches, the Opposition's attitude was one of general support for anything that would strengthen the armed forces. The Tories were not reluctant to goad the Government, but not, on this issue, to the point of its destruction. When Boyd-Carpenter, in a convincing and clearly-argued speech, introduced a new Clause limiting the liability of young men to be called-up after certain dates, there was a moment when it seemed that, together with the Labour critics, the Tories would get a majority in a division. To avoid such an embarrassing victory, Boyd-Carpenter withdrew his motion.

Interspersed were various discussions on the welfare of those conscripted. "Is life in Germany better for the morals of a conscript than life in Britain?" was the essence of one question. It was subdivided into the practical question as to whether a young man was more likely to contract venereal disease abroad than at home. Emrys Roberts and Bowen, both Liberals, drew alarming pictures of the opportunities for moral disaster to conscripts in Germany. They were reinforced by moving speeches from Mrs. Nichol and Mrs. Manning. But the proof of the argument developed into a general flinging of ecclesiastical reports between the various partisans. Mrs. Nichol invoked Canon Raven; Winterton called in the Archbishop of Canterbury; and Shinwell quoted the Free Church Federal Council. One fact that the Minister of War was able to establish through the chatter of interruptions by Emrys Hughes was that there is less venereal disease among conscripts in Germany than among Regulars.

The Third Reading was brief. Shinwell, who had to forgo a visit to a boxing-match in order to speak in this Debate, had to compensate himself with a smart encounter with his predecessor, Bellenger. Shinwell is justifiably proud of the good-will which he has built up among both Regulars and conscripts. He therefore felt incensed when Bellenger said some of the words uttered by his Right Hon. Friend about Regular troops were "not to his liking." After the Minister of War had expressed himself in a few well-chosen words about *his* Right Hon. Friend, Bellenger withdrew his aspersions, and the Bill was read a Third Time, Liberals, Pacifists, Leftists and Irreconcilables still dissenting. MAURICE EDELMAN

A QUESTION OF COLOUR

THE "Letter to an English Intellectual" which we publish this week may do more to explain to people the nature of the present world revolution than many long treatises on the doctrines of Karl Marx. Mr. Blackman, the author of this article, is a West Indian poet and journalist who expresses himself with an elegance which many English publicists might envy. He is proud of his African ancestry and, inevitably, very sensitive to slights from members of the British ruling class. He is similarly quick to notice the consideration paid to him in Eastern Europe and the warmth of welcome accorded to him by Soviet writers. If he is somewhat naive in his response to offers of friendship in Moscow, which may not be disinterested, that, too, is understandable. He has not taken seriously the New Deal offered by the Labour Government to Colonial peoples, and has certainly not appreciated the significance of Britain's peaceful withdrawal from India and Burma. But such considerations, so obvious to Western minds, are no answer to the general indictment that, in America, Negroes are still deprived of their rights and sometimes lynched and that the notion of social and moral equality between White and "Coloured," which is implicit in Soviet philosophy and is said to be realised in the vast hinterland of Asiatic Russia, is not accepted in the Western Empires.

If politicians and diplomats were to realise that the appeal of the Soviet Union is that of an idea, they might cease to talk as if all our troubles were due to the "menace of Russia," or to discuss whether that menace can be answered by atom bombs. If all the great cities of Russia were laid waste, the peoples of Asia and Africa, as well as millions of the under-privileged in other continents, would still respond to the idea of Communism. The principle of equality, which spread through Europe after the French Revolution, but was applied only to the White races, is once more on the march, this time amongst the Coloured peoples. Why do the Chinese Communists defeat the armies of Chiang Kai-shek? They have not received direct aid from the Soviet Union, while the Kuomintang has received and wasted hundreds of millions of American dollars and an incalculable quantity of arms, a large part of which have fallen into Communist hands when Kuomintang troops have deserted. The answer, in part, is that the Kuomintang is decadent and corrupt, and controlled by a handful of luxury-living people who have accumulated vast fortunes for themselves in foreign banks, while huge armies, levied on their behalf, starve because the generals keep the money that should have bought them rations. The answer, to an even larger extent, is that Chinese Communism offers the peasantry a programme of emancipation. The lesson should not be lost on the West. In Malaya, for instance, we may be compelled, in the absence of any indigenous Nationalist Government with whom to treat, to send a brigade of Guards to defend our nationals and our property. But the answer to Communism in Malaya and elsewhere can only be an economic and social system which counteracts effectively the magnetism of Communist propaganda.

When we recall the long and ghastly story of exploitation and cruelty suffered in the past by Coloured peoples at the hands of Whites, it is easy to understand why propaganda in Asia and Africa is Moscow's strongest card, and why, at the Wroclaw Conference of Intellectuals, the greatest enthusiasm was evoked by the Colonial speakers. Mr. Blackman, we notice, is among those who are to address next week's meeting to follow up the Wroclaw Conference. Western delegates deplored the purely propagandist character of this Conference and rightly complained that an opportunity was missed of seriously discussing the overwhelming issue of peace or war. They knew that the delegations from Eastern Europe were deliberately misinformed about the complexities of peace-making and blinded to Russia's share in creating the present menacing deadlock. But even those who severely criticised the Soviet Union were aware that on the Colonial issue the West stands indicted by its own history. A changed state of mind is now apparent in the West; a real attempt to break down snobbery and exploitation is being made. But it is still true that, over great areas of Asia and Africa, the Soviet Union appeals, not, as we say in the West, where we have much to lose, to a Fifth Column, but to the insurgent nationalism of peoples whose loyalty the West is apt to demand without having earned the right to expect it.

THE LEFT WING OF THE EAGLE

WHEN the American voters chose Mr. Truman as President, they clearly gave him a mandate to launch a new era of social reform. Did this imply that they wanted him to recall President Roosevelt's old lieutenants—the liberal "Government-in-Exile"—to Washington? The liberals, of course, are sure that this is the case, and that the impotence and confusion which have plagued them since the death of Roosevelt are now things of the past. Their optimism may be explained, in part, by sheer relief that they are not to suffer a period of Republican reaction, and partly by their conviction that, with their allies in the labour movement, they have suddenly become again a dominant force in the Democratic Party. But the vote which elected Mr. Truman, and increased the strength of the progressive wing of Congress, still left a hard reactionary core on Capitol Hill. Moreover, if liberals really are to enjoy the easy access to the White House which was theirs when Mr. Roosevelt was in residence, then the President must find room in his official family for men with liberal opinions. Too many key positions, especially in the Departments of Defence and State, are still staffed by scarcely-disguised Republicans nominated in the period when Mr. Truman was firing a New Dealer almost every day.

The bare electoral statistics undoubtedly support the hope of a liberal revival. The President knows that without trade union money and, what is more important, the work of local political action committees, the popular reaction against the Republicans could not have been given the organised impetus necessary to succeed in an election marked by a low poll and a close result. It is usual for a strong candidate to carry the party to victory in marginal constituencies. But, this time, it was the heavy vote rolled up for the local candidates pledged to a liberal programme that helped the President home. In the State of Illinois, for instance, which Mr. Truman carried by a mere fifty thousand votes, the Democratic nominees for Governor and Senator ran some hundred thousand votes ahead of their Republican opponents. This example could be repeated in a score of vital contests. Organised labour really delivered its vote this year, without the magic of Roosevelt's name to help, and neither Mr. Truman nor Congress is likely to ignore this lesson.

The obvious deduction from all this, naturally, is that the Democratic victory heralds a return to the progressive temper of the New Deal. It may do. But America today has problems that Mr. Roosevelt never had to face. He had to lift the country out of depression and prepare it for a war which he believed to be unavoidable. Now, the American economy is bulging at the seams. The people need price control, more houses and extended social services, not primarily work. Communism, which could once be dismissed as the bogy raised by professional Red-baiters, has replaced Fascism as the apparent danger to American security. In this situation, the vernacular of Popular Front liberalism no longer applies. The

Left coalition that rallied behind President Roosevelt began to disintegrate between 1939 and 1941, though it patched up a working agreement until the war was over. The extreme Left walked out with Henry Wallace this year; the moderates clearly emerged as the American equivalent of European social-democracy, This break-up is a measure of the change in the nature of American "liberalism" and deserves a closer analysis.

First, the results of the election give the liberal groups an appearance of strength and coherence which is belied by their behaviour before November 2nd. All of them assumed there would be a Democratic disaster. One group, apart from the Communists, believing the actual collapse of the Democrats was in sight, joined Henry Wallace in the Progressive Party. The majority, which would not associate in any way with the Communists, expected to capture whatever remained of the Democratic organisation and rebuild it under new and liberal leadership. A third group, which included important labour leaders, typified by Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers, fought hard to elect progressive Democrats to Congress, but kept the door open for the formation of a new party, with trade union backing but without the Communists, if the Democratic rout proved as disastrous as the opinion polls predicted. This debate has lost all political reality since the votes were counted. The anti-Communist liberals have won their point and, probably, the place they were seeking in the Democratic leadership. Henry Wallace, far from leading a movement that might seriously challenge the Democrats, got substantial support only from the extreme Left for what ended up as little more than a public demonstration against U.S. policy towards Palestine and Russia.

Secondly, the issues upon which there is maximum agreement among American liberals, are all domestic. The Democratic victory certainly means that Federal agencies such as the Atomic Energy Commission, the Reclamation Service and the Tennessee Valley Authority are saved from Republican depredations. It means, too, the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act—though the new legislation may still include the non-Communist affidavits and a restriction on certain kinds of strike—a civil rights programme, an extension of education and other social services, a higher minimum wage, price supports for the farmer and some public housing. Civil rights apart, it seems likely that the President can put through such a domestic programme without much difficulty and go far to satisfy his liberal friends.

Thirdly, the most vital problem facing American liberalism now is the most difficult to answer: Communism, at home and abroad. By the end of the campaign, the Communists had become almost as isolated politically in the Progressive Party as they have become industrially in the trade unions. They controlled it, but this control had driven away the moderate supporters of Wallace just at the time when Mr. Truman's new-found liberalism provided a more respectable and familiar home for them in the Democratic Party. Mr. Wallace himself, having started with an attack on American foreign policy which seemed reasonable enough to many liberals, lost his early initiative and was finally written off by the public as chief apologist for the Soviet Union and for the American "party line." In spite of large sums of money and devoted work by his supporters, he could make no headway against this handicap. Naturally, this internecine fight on the Left has helped to consolidate the already bitter anti-Communism which now exists among the trade union leadership and such groups as the Americans for Democratic Action, who represent the main body of moderate liberal opinion. Anti-Communism, in fact, has become the common denominator of all American political groups today, apart from what is left of the Progressive Party.

The strength of the anti-Communist pressure can be judged by the extraordinary behaviour of Mr. Fitzgerald, the leader of the Left-wing United Electrical Workers, who shared the chairmanship of the Progressive Party with Paul Robeson. At the recent C.I.O. Convention, Mr. Fitzgerald suddenly rose to denounce Mr. Molotov as a "warmonger" and to urge his startled supporters to "jump on the Truman bandwaggon."

American liberals must now face a critical decision. Can they push on with a programme of social progress at home and leave American foreign policy unchanged, on the grounds that both the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan are logical extensions of their own fight against Communism in the United States? This question was never really raised during the campaign; first, because they never expected to be in a position where they could take control of the bipartisan policy away from the conservatives of both parties and, secondly, because they dismissed Mr. Wallace and his fellow-critics as mere mouthpieces of Kremlin propaganda. As long as social-democratic liberals were confronted with a choice between a Communist line and a Republican line, they chose the latter. Now that the need to conciliate a Republican Congress has disappeared, this choice is unnecessary.

Mr. Justice Douglas did well to remind the C.I.O. delegates that they must befriend organised labour abroad rather than reaction. American trade unions and their liberal friends cannot meekly endorse a foreign policy put forward by men who are their enemies at home and who are using the United States to foster reactionary tendencies abroad. It is their responsibility to review the European situation anew, to recognise—if mere anti-Communism has not become a conditioned reflex with them—both the growing unpopularity and unworkability of the present bipartisan policy, and to extend domestic liberalism to foreign affairs. The American voters did not ask for appeasement of the Soviet Union, but they would certainly endorse a reasonable effort to reach a settlement. The liberals who were enraged by the Un-American Activities Committee would be illogical if they continue to support foreign policy which has been increasingly directed by the same motives.

Will the United States become again a liberal, not a negative anti-Communist force in the world? American liberals may be able to turn that trick, if they clearly understand the need and are capable of making the break with the reactionaries who, for three crucial years, have been steadily undermining the constructive aspects of the Harvard speech.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE NATION

In Great Britain to-day substantially more than half the total cost of University education is being borne by the Government, and a further, but relatively small, part out of funds contributed by the Local Authorities. Over and above this, a large part of the Universities' income from students' fees is derived from State or local authority grants, especially in the case of students who have returned from war service. About seven out of every ten students are being assisted either out of public funds or from the income from endowments. The proportion of University revenue coming from public sources is still rising; and if the assistance given to ex-service students under the temporary war scheme is not replaced as it expires by some alternative on a correspondingly large scale, University education will be threatened with collapse. Not as a result of any definite plan, but by sheer force of circumstances, British University education has changed, in less than ten years, from a mainly private into a mainly public responsibility, both from the standpoint of University maintenance and from that of the majority of actual and potential students.

With this change has gone a great increase in numbers. Before the war there were about 50,000 full-time students in all the British Universities. After a sharp fall during the war, concentrated mainly on the Arts faculties, there are now about 80,000, and the total is expected to go on rising for some years to come. Whether the rise is to be permanent, of course, depends on public policy; but it clearly will be, unless the policy formed since 1945 on the advice of a number of expert committees is sharply revised. The Barlow Committee has demanded a doubling of the number of scientists turned out annually before the war: the Clapham Committee has stressed the need for a much bigger output of "social scientists": the carrying through of the Education Act requires many more highly qualified teachers: another committee has stressed the need for many more dentists—and so on through a wide range of professional calls for a bigger output of University-trained entrants. The Universities, not without some misgivings in conservative quarters, have responded to these demands and to the obvious need to find room for a great number of students whose education was interrupted by the war. They have done so in face of an acute shortage of buildings and lodgings, which cannot be at all quickly remedied, and of a hardly less acute shortage of qualified teachers.

These remarks may sound gloomy; but, far from being meant as a jeremiad, they are in fact a chant of progress. The difficulties exist, partly because of war casualties to buildings, staffs, and undergraduate courses, but much more because the whole conception of the place of Universities in the national life has been changing fast. The change has been accelerated by the boom in the prestige of natural science; but that has been by no means the only factor. The whole conception that underlay the Education Act of 1944—passed under the auspices of a Conservative Minister—was that higher education ought no longer to be a prerogative of wealth, but ought to be open to everyone alike up to the limits of each individual's ability. No such principle could be recognised without a parallel recognition of the need for an immense expansion of University education; for, though some people shook their heads and prophesied that the numbers in Universities could not be expanded without a sharp fall of standards, it was not really possible to resist the conclusion that the poverty bar had been keeping out a great many students at least as good as many who had been let in. The only real question was whether the necessary expansion of the Universities should be allowed to wait until the increased outflow from the growth of higher secondary education had effectively begun; and this issue was settled by the imperative need to find places for the large numbers whose higher education had been deferred or interrupted because of the war.

The foregoing paragraphs are a broad description of the situation which the University Grants Committee and the Treasury as its paymaster have been facing since 1945—a situation of which a very clear account is given in its Report, during the extra period since 1935*. Over this period the parliamentary grants in aid of Universities have risen from £2 millions to nearly £7 millions a year, and total revenues from £6 millions to £13 millions, including £2 millions and £3 millions respectively for students' fees. Endowments now provide less than one-tenth of total revenue—much less, if Oxford and Cambridge are left out of the account. The great question that arises out of the financial changes is that of the extent to which the Government, since it has taken to paying the piper ought to call the tune. It has done so to a certain extent, by making considerable sums available for certain kinds of education for which it has been specially conceived—for example, by "earmarked" grants for spending on medical teaching and research, on dental training, on agricultural education, on the development of teaching in the fields of Slovenic, Oriental, and other linguistic and cultural fields, are on the "social sinners." But, apart from the "earmarking," which seems to be meant to be mostly temporary, the Treasury and the U.G.C. have been most unwilling to do anything to interfere with the full

* *University Development from 1935 to 1947.* Being the Report of the University Grants Committee. H.M.S.O., 2s.

autonomy of the Universities.

There is a real problem here—a problem of national planning. The Universities, if they are to make their proper contribution to the national life, must turn out graduates of different aptitudes roughly in proportion to the national needs; but they must also, if they are to maintain their standards, resist having their courses so "vocationalised" as to undermine their broader cultural value. At present, there is too much rather than too little pressure in the direction of premature vocational specialisation at the undergraduate level, arising partly from the desire to acquire professional qualifications quickly, but also partly from misguided attempts on the part of specialist teachers to force their own subjects into scholarship and other preliminary examinations. It is coming to be realised that these unhealthy tendencies can be counteracted only by more and better-thought-out provision of mainly vocational courses at a post-graduate level—which, of course, raises problems both of finance and of greater congestion when it involves, as it usually must, a lengthening of the total time spent at a University. Three years, it has to be recognised, are not long enough to give the normal student both a proper basis of culture and a specialist knowledge; and accordingly there must be both more fourth- and fifth-year scholarships and allowances and better arrangements for teaching at the graduate level—which means the need for more and better University teachers as fast as they can be supplied.

On the whole, the Treasury and the U.G.C. have probably been right in giving the Universities the widest possible latitude in using the much bigger sum of public money that has been made available; and on the whole the Universities seem to have made a reasonable use of their freedom. But clearly the Government cannot provide the major part of the funds without *some* increase in its control over University development, however gingerly the U.G.C. may walk in this direction. Moreover, there is already arising, and is bound to arise still more in view of the need for expansion, a serious problem of teachers' salaries as well as of the adequacy of scholarships and maintenance grants for students. Relatively to most other professions which are competitive with University teaching for the limited supply of highly qualified graduates, University teachers are for the most part rather badly paid. For young men, the pay is not too bad; but the prospects, by current standards, are poor in comparison with what equal qualifications can command in other walks of life. Supply has kept up with demand in the past, because the job is attractive for reasons that cannot be measured in money; but the demand for many more teachers can hardly be met, without a fall in standards, unless salaries can be increased—and that, of course, means a still further dependence on the State for the necessary resources.

Finally, there is the question of size. Most people agree that Universities ought not to be allowed to get very big, and that some Universities are already well up to, if not beyond, the desirable maximums. Nevertheless, except in the one case of the projected new University College at Stoke-on-Trent, the U.G.C. has set its face against projects to find new Universities or Colleges, even in regions which are grievously under-supplied. For the time being this decision is probably right, for the simple reason that it would be impossible to put up the buildings or to find the teachers of the required calibre at a time when the existing Universities are clamouring both for new buildings and for larger staffs. But, as soon as these shortages become less severe, there will be a strong case for wanting more centres of University education in preference to allowing existing big Universities to grow bigger still. And there will also be a case for considering whether, for many students, the "first year" could not be better spent in more dispersal Colleges nearer their homes than in crowded centres in which it is impossible for harried teachers to give them the instructional care they need.

A LONDON DIARY

After listening to Mr. Stanley give evidence one day last week I was not surprised that enterprising journalists had yielded to the temptation to comment on his personality; still less was I surprised that Mr. Justice Lynskey warned them of the dangers of contempt of court. The only comments that seem legitimate at this stage are that the Attorney General has been extremely patient as well as thorough in his examination; that so far there has been evidence of a great many *quids* flying about, but not, as far as I could see, corresponding *quos*.

* * *

The Home Secretary's decision to extend the Carlisle experiment to the new towns has roused the licensing trade to furious indignation. Members of Parliament last week found that their postbags were suddenly heavier than at any time since the abolition of "basic." The impression having been deliberately created that the Labour Party intends to nationalise drinking, tens of thousands of enraged froth-blowers have signed the petition forms which were supplied by the local publicans. Of course, this is all nonsense. The Labour Party is certainly not going to nationalise the pubs either in this Parliament or in the next. What the Licensing Bill does is merely to lay down that public houses in the new towns will be "tied" to a State brewery instead of to a private brewer. Whatever the political expediency of introducing this measure shortly before an election, there is no doubt whatsoever that the Carlisle scheme has worked very well. It decreased drunkenness, rationalised the number of pubs in the area and enforced a decent standard of accommodation. Last, but not least, it has brought into the Exchequer many millions of pounds which would otherwise have gone into the pockets of the brewers; and that, of course, is why the brewers are so angry. I can see nothing against the idea of extending the Carlisle experiment to half a dozen other places. But I hope that the Home Secretary will leave room for experiments and improvements. In Carlisle the State has a monopoly—apart from the two big hotels; and nationalised beer is the only draught available, though you can buy your Guinness in a bottle if you want to. I see no reason why in the new towns this beer monopoly should be continued in all the locals. Why not some "free" houses, that is, pubs that are not tied to a particular brewery and which therefore can buy whatever beer they think best? State "bitter" will be all the better if it is subjected to some mild competition.

* * *

At fogbreak the other day I was turning out some old papers with which to light the fire when I noticed among them an article from the *Nineteenth Century* of May, 1942, called "Vansittartism." It proved most amusing reading and recalled an ancient controversy that has now once again become violently alive. The article was Lord Vansittart's reply to his critics in this journal, the *Economist* and the *Evening Standard*. We were all a bunch of "confident amateurs" who, in defiance of Vansittart's experienced expertism, insisted that it was a gross mistake to include the German people in an indiscriminate anathema. This for two main reasons. The first was that to do so was a great help to Dr. Goebbels. On this point Goebbel's own Diaries published last year have explicitly confirmed us. The second reason was that sooner or later Germans would be in charge of their own country and that the sooner we made up our minds what Germans we were going to encourage, the less was the danger that, in another sentimental pro-German wave after this war, pro-Nazi Germans would not again be allowed to take charge. I remember a broadcast in which Barbara Ward and I tried vainly to explain to Lord Vansittart that to attempt to impose the sort of punitive terms on Germany that were involved in the Morgenthau Plan would be to invite disaster, since sooner or later, and probably sooner, German heavy industry would certainly be to some extent restored and that therefore the important thing was to decide as soon as possible to internationalise it and to put it under the management of anti-Nazi Germans lest it should once again be controlled by the interests which had backed Hitler. This view excited the particular scorn of Vansittart, who ended his *Nineteenth Century* article by jibing at this journal's "apparent plea for German heavy industry"! Well, the wheel has come full circle. Prophecy is once again being fulfilled, and I am wondering whether Vansittart is recalling how strongly he held that the rebuilding of the Ruhr would enable "the great German majority to have its third world war."

* * *

An English business man in Shanghai writes to me as follows:

> There is one thing which is causing many of us foreigners nightmares in Shanghai to-day and that is the fear of all-out American military aid. If such aid were given to the Nationalists, it would provoke Russia for certain, and she would retaliate in kind which would probably start World War III. We in Shanghai have never taken the ballyhoo about Berlin very seriously, but we are very certain there is one thing Russia will not stand, and that is an American base on the mainland of Asia. Marshall's latest statement, very carefully phrased, seems to have recognized Russia's strength in the Far East, and most of us gave a sigh of relief when we read it. The highups in the Kuomintang now want a general war. They are conducting an intense propaganda campaign with that aim in view, in aid of which Mme. Chiang Kai-shek flew to Washington (although unkind critics keep insinuating that Madame just thought China a mite unhealthy at the moment). They figure that, just as they were saved from the Japanese by the spread of World War II to the Far East, so they will be saved from the Communists by World War III—the ultimate in moral bankruptcy. Unfortunately, the choice lies entirely with America, and we can only hope that Messrs. Truman and Marshall will not be persuaded by the charming smile of the former Miss Soong.

* * *

Sooner or later we shall have to stop being prim about artificial insemination. To make it unlawful would be monstrous and futile, since no one would wish to resort to it who could have children by normal means; and we already have too many laws that are not enforceable. But before it can be rescued from its present legal ambiguity, safeguards must be devised to prevent unwitting incest among people born as a result of "A.I.D.," to shield them against the illogical stigma of illegitimacy, and to protect their parents against the manifold legal consequences of adultery. Formal adoption by the parents is one obvious step that can be taken as the law stands; lawyers frequently urge it upon mothers whose illegitimate children were conceived in the ordinary way, and it might well be made obligatory in the case of the "test-tube babies." Where the husband is the donor there may not be much legal, social or even psychological difficulty: with simple medical advice any married couple, whose difficulty is that one of them suffers from incapacity, can do it for themselves—though it is obvious that this can be no panacea for *sterility*. It is the case of the donor who is not the husband that raises all the social problems. Contraception is now tolerated, and blood transfusion universally commended. A.I.D., which has some of the characteristics of both, cannot long be denied full legal recognition.

* * *

When the raft on which the Heyerdahl expedition had drifted for 101 days across the Pacific from Peru was pounded by the breakers across the Raroia Reef into the sheltered lagoon of a deserted atoll west of Tahiti, it took 48 hours to get the damaged wireless transmitter to work. At length the signals were answered by "Paul," a youthful short-wave amateur in British Columbia. "Most urgent; tell the Norwegian Embassy in Washington that all's well." A long pause, then the reply: "If all's well, why worry?" Thus, in July, 1947, did "Paul" miss the chance of being front-paged throughout America as the first bearer of the news that Heyerdahl and his

five companions had "made it." Few people at the time thought they would. Determined to prove that, with the aid of the Humboldt current, pre-Inca peoples from Peru could have reached Polynesia (where legend, archaeological remains and the existence of certain non-indigenous plants support the theory of such a migration), the Heyerdahl expedition embarked at Callao, for their 4,000-mile voyage, on a raft of 45ft balsa logs lashed only with rope—its deck-shelter a cabin constructed of banana leaves and plaits, its sail a small square of native canvas. Surviving two Pacific gales and the embarrassing attentions of the sharks, which came aboard the half-awash deck, they deserve to be remembered as perhaps the most intrepid adventurers of our time.

* * *

Meeting Thor Heyerdahl in London this week, I asked him whether he was now satisfied that Polynesia—uninhabited, it is believed till A.D. 500—had been colonised from the American, not the Asian continent. Not merely has he no doubts now of the link between pre-Inca Peru and Polynesia; he holds that his 4,000-mile voyage demonstrates the possibility of a common Mediterranean origin for those remarkable peoples whose great stone structures are to be found at Carnac, in Peru, on Easter Island and the Marquesas. Here, I suppose, he will be assailed by the faithful adherents of the myth of Atlantis. And, even in relation to the supposed trans-Pacific migration of the fair-skinned Peruvians who were driven out by Incas, and who, according to Heyerdahl, carried with them to Polynesia not merely the sweet-potato and bottle-gourd but Kon-Tiki, the blond, bearded "ancestor-god from the land of the sun-rise," he may have some trouble in persuading ethnologists in the U.S.A. that "aboriginal" Central American Indians have a blood-relationship with "un-American" Polynesians.

* * *

The good news this week comes from Costa Rica, which has disbanded its army, ploughed up defences and turned the old headquarters into a museum. Even the officers will be taken care of by posts in the Civil Service. This decision, coming so soon after a civil war, is one argument for being a small Power. Perhaps we could do the same if the world wanted nothing more from us than exports of coffee. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10, Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The memorial commemorates 11 Coventry martyrs who were burned at the stake between 1510-1555. The actual site is now occupied by —— ——, Ltd., who have a magnificent display of all the latest designs in fireplaces.—Advt. in *Coventry Evening Telegraph*. (J. A. Yates.)

Lord Woolton, chairman of the Conservative Party, told executives that .... Where there was good management in industry, good results were being obtained, and where there was not the Socialists were to blame.—*Observer*. (W. J. Hayward.)

Ballrooms, Golders Green. Dancing every Sat., 7.30-11, 4s. 6d. Before 7.45, 3s. 6d. The dance for intellectuals.—Advt. in *New Statesman and Nation*. (Alan Daventry.)

My little boy, Gerald, aged 14 months, has a horrible habit of eating anything woolly on going to sleep. He has eaten the whole of his left sleeve in both his sleeping-bags and also quite a considerable amount of the blanket on his cot. When he goes to sleep in the afternoon he eats his pram covers. Could you tell me if this is harmful, as I am getting very worried?—Letter in *Housewife*. (Enid Allen.)

Placard in a vegetarian grocers: Order your mock chickens and turkeys NOW.—(P. W. Crooke.)

The Co-op. has been most charming. The Society paid for electric light to be installed in the church and took quite an interest in its well-being.

When the villagers heard that the Co-op. held an interest in the church they asked if they would get a divi from the collection.—Report in *Daily Express*.

WARNING TO WITCHES

The Home Secretary is giving his protection to genuine spiritualists under the Witchcraft Act.—News Item, December 6th.

Witchcraft Acts are swept away,
Apparitions freed!
Spirits black and white and grey,
Mingle now who mingle may
Round the head of Ede!

Occult circles, overjoyed,
Recognition gain;
Spirits on their tasks employed
Will no longer be annoyed
On the earthly plane.

Astral messages they leave,
Thanks for Chuter's pledge—
But in this last-hour reprieve,
Witches claim they can perceive
The thin end of the wedge.

Witches, knowing Ede is near,
By pricking of their thumbs,
Are warned that they must not appear,
Though ghosts have now no cause for fear,
If brought by mediums.

Broomstick witches may not yet
Hedge-hop above Whitehall,
But apparitions face no threat,
And deputations will be met
If they on Chuter call.
Witches, though in wraith's disguise,
The Home Office rebukes—
Despite the risk of Evil Eyes,
The Act to witches still applies,
And Ede will only recognise
Approved Home Office spooks.

SAGITTARIUS

AUSTRALIA WATCHES JAPAN

(By a Correspondent.)

A BEWILDERED Australian people, anxiously watching events in Japan, have not had their fears allayed by General MacArthur's recent assurances that in Japan "a bastion of the democratic concept is in advanced stages of erection" and that the country has become "a calm and well-ordered society dedicated to the sanctity of peace." The Australian Government has been increasingly embarrassed by the reversal of American policy from regarding Japan as a defeated enemy to a desirable ally in less than three years, and the fact that its protests and views have been completely ignored. From the seclusion of Whitehall, Japan and the Pacific probably appear remote and relatively unimportant, particularly when viewed across the turmoil of Europe. But, for Australia, Japan holds much the same position as Germany has held for Britain during the past 40 years.

Before the war, Australians watched Japanese luggers operating on the pearling grounds around their Northern coast ("those Japs know more about our North than we do ourselves"); they saw Japanese whaling fleets sailing past for Antarctic waters where their indiscriminate slaughter gave them such an unenviable reputation; and Australian dockers fought a long bitter battle against the Government to prevent shipments of scrap iron being sent to Japan. Japan was always regarded as the potential enemy, and Pearl Harbour merely justified Australia's worst suspicions. Although Australia escaped the ravages of war, some anxious months followed the fall of Singapore and the seizure of islands near the Northern coast. Towns were bombed, a submarine shelled Sydney, and thousands of troops captured at Singapore were treated with incredible brutality. These were events which have left a deep impression on the whole Australian people. When sentences were being passed on the Japanese war leaders in Tokyo recently, it was an Australian—Sir William Webb—who said in a minority judgment that the Emperor should have been brought to trial.

From the days of the Potsdam Agreement, laying down that Japan must be completely demilitarised and a feudal economy replaced by a welfare economy, American policy has undergone a complete change to the present "Workshop of the East" programme. The change has been due to several fairly obvious factors. General MacArthur, a conservative Republican with a hatred of all things that can by any stretch of imagination be thought to resemble "Communism," has been forced to identify S.C.A.P. (Supreme Command Allied Powers) more and more with conservative Japanese groups; American fears of Russia have led to Japan being regarded as a potential base; Japanese industry provides a profitable field for American investment; and China has failed to realise American hopes as a buffer against Russia.

From time to time Prime Minister Chifley and Dr. Evatt have expressed concern about the American policy of rebuilding Japan, and have suggested that this could result in a "potent menace" to Australia. A few months back Dr. Evatt, saying that Australia's policy towards Japan had not changed, but that of the United States was being modified, added: "America's policy is similar to that she followed in Germany after World War I, which resulted in German rearmament." Australia is represented on the Allied Control Council, intended to assist General MacArthur with his work; but in actual practice he has taken little notice of its advice. Protests by Australia and other nations on the resumption of Japanese whaling have been completely disregarded by General MacArthur. Australia has held the opinion that such expeditions affected the military and economic security of both herself and New Zealand. Mr. Chifley said that General MacArthur did not even consult Australia before giving the Japanese permission to resume whaling; Dr. Evatt said the second whaling expedition was announced while the U.S. State Department was considering an Australian offer to man and operate the Japanese whaling fleet and turn over all the food, fats and oils to S.C.A.P. The Japanese have also been given permission to operate a phosphate plant on Angaur Island, in the Palau group, one of the closest of Japan's former possessions to Australia. This, too, was done without consulting Australia.

Suggestions have been made, and emphatically turned down by the Australian Government, that Japanese divers should be admitted to the pearling industry in Northern Australia, while, according to one report, some Americans have openly suggested that Japan should be given Dutch New Guinea to colonise and that Australia is a suitable field for Japanese migration. Mr. W. Macmahon Ball, the Australian who acted as British Commonwealth representative on the Allied Council in Tokyo from March, 1946, until September, 1947, said recently he knew of no way in which Japan could be made a danger to Russia without also making her a danger to Australia. Japan could be Australia's ally only after a Japanese social revolution, and so far there was not the slightest sign of this.

Mr. Ball, who has given an important survey of post-war trends in Japan in his recent book *Japan—Enemy or Ally?* has emphasised that the danger lay in American economic aid being given to Japan through a Japanese Government representing the most conservative forces in that

country, and with its pre-surrender outlook unchanged. He writes:

> I can see no grounds for the belief that such a government will want to use American aid to construct a welfare economy and enlarge the liberties of the working people. It seems nearly certain that it will try to use its new resources to consolidate the power and privilege of the ruling group.
>
> I can see no reason why Japan will be less likely in the 1950's than in the 1930's to want to use war as an instrument of national policy. Imperialism and militarism may well be the inevitable expression of the sort of economic and social system that still stands in Japan.
>
> It is not easy to be sure which weapons will be the most useful if there is another war. It will, therefore, be harder to continue to prevent rearmament, and this difficulty will be increased if Japan develops a great variety of manufacturing industries.

Australia has been demanding a Japanese peace treaty for many months, and was largely responsible for calling the British Commonwealth conference in Canberra in August, 1947, at which agreement was reached on the kind of treaty the Commonwealth members wanted and suggestions were made for the future control of Japan. The conference resolved that the eleven nations on the Far Eastern Commission should meet in the United States, within a month if possible, to prescribe the broad principles of the treaty which, it was hoped, would be signed by the middle of 1948.

A "strange pall of silence" has since intervened. At last December's meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in London, Britain and the United States tried to pursuade Russia that the future treaty with Japan should be negotiated by all the countries that fought in the Pacific war, but Russia remained adamant that the first draft of the treaty should be produced by the Foreign Ministers of the Soviet Union, United States, Britain and China. Dr. Evatt has since said that, though there had been differences between the United States and the Soviet Union on procedure, "I do not think there are any obstacles at all to preclude the conclusion of a peace settlement with Japan."

At the recent Commonwealth conference in London the question of Japan was raised and, while no official statement was made, it seems probable that Australia and New Zealand urged Britain to make further representations to Washington about the American policy in Japan and the restoration of Japanese industry. Australia has shown no desire to impose vindictive terms on Japan, but she realises it is essential for her safety and future that Japan should not be able to make another southward drive in the foreseeable future. Stressing the need for an early peace treaty, Dr. Evatt said in July that Australia was determined to see that the events of 1941-45 did not happen again in 20 years time.

America's changed attitude towards Japan has resulted in little enthusiasm being shown in Washington for an early treaty conference. There is no doubt Russia would do all she could to check the present course of American action, which is almost as objectionable to China and would certainly be opposed by Australia and New Zealand, and possibly by France, India and Holland. Attempts may be made to overcome the stalemate in other ways—by a majority agreement among the eleven nations on the Far Eastern Commission; by an Anglo-American treaty; or by a solely American settlement with Japan—a possibility suggested in the 1947 reparations report on Japan made to the U.S. Army.

Russia's sea-power is undeveloped; her policy in Asia must remain continental, and Australians see no direct threat towards themselves from the Soviet Union. Australia's dominant defence interest remains, as before the war, to secure herself against any possible renewal of Japanese military strength and aggression. Until a peace settlement has been reached, Australia will continue to be anxious about the future, and her defence policy will continue to reflect that uncertainty. Recent developments will do nothing towards removing these anxieties.

LETTER TO AN ENGLISH INTELLECTUAL

Dear —

We met, you will remember, shortly before the Congress of Intellectuals recently held at Wroclaw. We fell to talking about the Third Force, and I promised to let you have some observations, not necessarily about the Third Force but about problems and ideas contingent to that concept as seen through the eyes of a man of African origin. Since then we have both been to Wroclaw. To help you to understand much of what that meant to me and what I am now trying to say, I shall begin with two illustrations.

The first concerns a trip I made to Africa some twelve years ago when, as a missionary of the Church of England, I went to the Gambia. I lodged with a Welsh colleague, like myself newly arrived, in the same house as the bishop. One day the chief magistrate of the Colony called. The bishop asked the servant to bring some drinks, and the man brought in whisky and *four* glasses. The bishop, who knew his Africa, excused himself and went to dress for evensong. My Welsh colleague poured two glasses of whisky, gave one to the visitor, turned his back on me, and drank, "Cheers, Judge!"

The second illustration concerns the occasion when we first met. I accompanied some African musicians who had been invited to play at the Polish embassy. When we reached Portland Place, a charming lady came to the door with outstretched hand. "So glad you could come," she said, "we've been waiting supper for you."

These incidents embody for me two divergent attitudes to life. The one brings out the best in me; ever since that night, whenever I think of Poland I think of a rose-garden. The other dries me up in furious hatred; I see centuries of subordination and despair studded with the death-camps of Fascism. As between these I must take sides.

We met again at Wroclaw and there heard great argument "about it and about"; and I, for one, did not come out by the same door as in I went. Some of my personal observations on Wroclaw might perhaps interest you. I could, for instance, tell you how glad I was to know that there *are* Americans with *white* skins and liberal minds. I could tell you how honoured I felt when Ilya Ehrenburg invited me to stay with him whenever I came to Moscow. But of that in another place. Here I can only indicate the main lesson Wroclaw taught me. There I learnt to look on peace, not as a period of rest between armed clashes, but as a constant struggle to establish and maintain certain human values. These human values I would frame in the English version of an old Hebrew poem: "That man may stand the lord of the earth, crowned with glory and worship. To *every* man the worship and the glory."

This thesis the Russians and all the Slav nations stated with the passionate urgency of men who had been recently overrun in one armed conflict, men seized of a desperate anxiety to avoid such another experience for all time. But this anxiety was but the shading of a philosophy which wanted to use man's life and time for building and, in building, to build gloriously.

And then I came to Warsaw. But before I leave Wroclaw let me tell you here of the most touching experience I had in that town. There was a special train for those of us who wanted to go to the capital by rail. I was stumbling along with a rather clumsy hand trunk when a lad of about sixteen stepped from among the crowd at the entrance to the station and took it from my hand. With memories of London, Birmingham, Manchester, I at once began feeling about me for small change. The bag was heavy, but the lad bore it sturdily along till we found a compartment right at the end of the platform. Even here when I moved to take it from him, he insisted on bringing it right inside the carriage. There, giving me his hand, he said: "I am a Jew."

I was to know what he meant when I had seen Warsaw and, in Warsaw, the Ghetto. I am not yet prepared, emotionally, to assess Warsaw and the horror that lies behind it. The Ghetto is this horror acted precisely and with ruthless determination to a conclusion. Label men vermin and destroy them. One does not harbour vermin. The agents of this horror are men. Any intelligent person who does not share their point of view must help to quarantine them. You English have not in recent centuries known what it is to be a subject people. I come from a group which in recent centuries has known little else. And I know that the race theory is humbug.

If you want proof that it is humbug, cross the Irish Sea to the Six Counties and you will find that when men have no moral justification for their crimes they will invent one. Any Irishman would tell you the same, and few Englishmen know that the Portuguese, their oldest allies in Europe, are in the British West Indies definitely not "European"—because some eighty years ago or more the Portuguese were brought in to do work which Negroes refused to do on the plantations. But after Warsaw I cannot be content with dismissing the dangerous and infectious principle of race as humbug. I know that wherever I meet it, whether in white, yellow, brown or black, I must fall upon it and destroy it.

For me the most disturbing characteristic of the human mind is the ease with which it slides into habits—bad habits, *where circumstances permit*. Ten years ago the average man would have recoiled in horror from the thought of using the atom bomb against other men. Today millions of us discuss its use as though it were only another firework. Race-superiority is among many peoples a commonplace. Like leprosy it is very contagious. The twist the Nazis gave to it in the death-camps of Maidanek and Auschwitz may prove equally contagious.

None of your business? Well, it is very much mine, and I will show you why. When Hitler called Negroes semi-apes he was expressing in his half-baked way only part of what we had experienced at the hands of every European nation which had contact with Africa. In Western Europe today even among the most advanced groups we do not quite belong. Even among some of our friends on the Left we are not comrades—but colonial comrades. Now let us be frank. You know the power of words. Words can tarnish or elevate. The word "colonial" tarnishes. I am nobody's colonial. I am an African. That gives status, opens up endless vistas of struggle and achievement. "Colonial" throws me back to centuries of subordination and inferiority.

At Wroclaw I heard great talk of freedom: freedom to go from one country to another, for instance. In THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of September 18, I read of Malays, Japanese, Negroes, ignominiously expelled from or refused entrance to Australia. Why? Their skins are not white. Hitler depopulated whole areas to provide living space for his Herrenvolk. White Australia is no less Fascist in concept and in practice. I refrain from quoting South Africa. A cesspool needs no advertisement.

"Everything's in flux," as the old Greek said, and nothing so much as blood, and not always by the sword. Ask the countless Americans, White Americans, who shudder to examine the woodpile of their family tree about this. However, every dominant race has been concerned to prevent its bastardisation. The so-called Anglo-Saxons are especially concerned about becoming a bastard race. (By the way, why is this? Is it the thought of taking coals to Newcastle?) So we find that in thirty-eight of the United States of America marriage with a Negro is by law forbidden. In certain areas of that country this phallic obsession imposes the unofficial sanction of death—for the black man—for a breach of sexual good taste. In Kenya, this sanction is by law established for the same offence. The Germans in Poland shot male Poles for similar errors of judgment; Polish women cohabiting with the master-race were sent to brothels.

That is Fascism: inside Europe, outside of Europe.

"But these things don't happen here," I can hear you say. No, not in London—yet. And it is because I do not want the infection to spread to places free from it, because I want to push it back and root it out from places where it is now entrenched, that I am concerned to choose—that Africans are concerned to choose. I know that in England, too, there are flowers to be found—flowers of courtesy, delicacy and fine feeling. I treasure these as much as if they were African, because they are human. And it is because I know that these would be the first to be crushed by the boot of the Fascist that I look to Englishmen and others who share my point of view for assistance in stemming the leprosy of class and race supremacy, as it applies to me. You see, I could not fight for White Australia, I could not fight for White South Africa, nor could I fight to keep a country safe where Negroes may be lynched.

It is a very mean slave who rivets his own chains. When I see your "democratic" leaders restoring to power the same race-hating criminals of Germany who would shoot Paul Robeson for being a Negro and Henry Wallace for associating with Paul Robeson, I know that we stand in opposite camps. And when I hear them abusing Russia and the New Democracies because they will not aid this vile oppression of class and race, but rather, bring their strength to end it, then I know where to look for my friends.

Some people may dismiss all I have said as the ravings of an uncivilised barbarian. Even that I'll grant. Like my ancestors before me for more than three hundred years, I have lived in the little island of Barbados in close contact with the British and only the British. In these circumstances we could not possibly be civilised. Occasionally, however, one of us is found civilised enough to serve a special purpose. Grantley Adams, a countryman of mine, championed the British Empire at Uno. I shall never be civilised enough for that. I cannot acknowledge a master. Moreover, it is too late for me to go to Oxford and profit from a liberal education which could teach me to swallow my intelligence and my self-respect. And there are millions like me—too intractable to serve any but the highest purpose, too intelligent to lend their strength to destroying their best friends and thereby preparing their own crematorium.

Now, I have done, and thank you for your attention—I wonder whether you see what I have been trying to say.

PETER BLACKMAN

AUSTRIAN FAÇADE

(From a Correspondent)

THE most striking thing about Austria to-day is the contradiction between appearance and reality. The impression of abundance and prosperity which the foreign visitor receives during the first few days of his stay is soon superseded by a realisation of the weakness of the whole economic edifice. Shop windows are stacked with goods of all kinds; building work is being pushed ahead with enviable speed; all and sundry seem to be busily employed, and there are few signs of the Allied troops whose presence looms so large in Austrian newspaper discussions on occupation costs. But the goods remain in the shops because the average Austrian cannot afford them, and the incessant activity is not the result of a special proclivity for overtime or Sunday work. To be able to buy even basic necessities, the Austrian worker has to put in regular overtime and frequently has to work seven days a week. Prices have soared to such heights in the past few months that to-day—less than a year since the currency reform reduced Austria's monetary circulation by two-thirds—they are once again completely out of tune with the purchasing power of the bulk of the population. For wages remained pegged until last October, when all workers were granted the inadequate advance of 6 per cent.

Not that an upward revision of wages would by itself solve Austria's economic problems. The remedy would seem to lie rather in the direction of controlling the inflated margins charged by manufacturers and traders who are intent only on reaping the largest possible profits now, regardless of the future consequences. But no attempt at control has been made by the Government; and the resultant popular discontent has accentuated the two divergent tendencies within the coalition of Socialists and the Right-wing Austrian People's Party—a coalition held together for the past two years by a common fear of Russia. At the beginning of this year, following the currency reform, not only Right-wing elements, but even the Socialists, favoured the earliest possible abolition of all rationing and controls. The People's Party saw in this policy a return to free enterprise and *laissez-faire*, the Socialists an opportunity of securing a larger share of the social product for the working class through the removal of the ban on wage increases. Now, in the light of soaring prices, the Socialists are becoming increasingly concerned about the effects of the precipitate decontrol measures. Yet their open sponsorship of the reimposition of controls would endanger the continuation of the coalition, and this the Socialists have been anxious to avoid at all costs.

Not only do they see in the coalition a bulwark against Communism; they take their responsibilities very seriously and want to avoid any possibility of civil strife. But, while they regard themselves as the future governing party of Austria, at the moment their representatives in the Cabinet lack their Right-wing colleagues' knowledge of the political game. Consequently, one has the impression that the Socialists are coming off second best in the coalition. The People's Party has manœuvred its members into key positions at all levels. Moreover, being the champions of free enterprise and unlimited profits, they have their natural sympathisers in all branches of industry and commerce. In fact, reactionary elements to-day hold greater power in Austria, and are more firmly entrenched than they were in the days of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg.

That the Socialists are the junior partners in the coalition is evident on all hands. The Government created a Ministry of Economic Planning on the insistence of the Socialists. But the Minister himself is an advocate of *laissez-faire*. The second-in-command is a Socialist, and his party is therefore held partly responsible for economic policy, even though he has to abide by the decisions of the People's Party Minister. Similarly, the Socialist Food Minister has been able to raise the supply of foodstuffs to a level where 3,000 calories would be available *per capita*, given equal distribution. But the unwillingness of his Right-wing colleagues to impose controls makes it impossible for him to ensure that the supplies do in fact reach the workers. For instance, the People's Party Minister of Agriculture does not believe in halting the movement of agricultural produce to the "grey" market. Consequently these supplies are obtainable only at prices beyond the reach of the average wage earner. Deliveries of fruit and vegetables from abroad are allowed to fall into the hands of a wholesalers' association which holds a virtual monopoly of the market, extorts an enormous profit margin, and deliberately allows produce to rot in order to keep prices at their current high levels.

The continued willingness of the Socialists to tolerate these developments, and to be satisfied with uneasy compromises in order to preserve the coalition, plays into the hands of the Communists, who are able to exploit popular resentment. But while the Socialists themselves are growing increasingly concerned about the same problems, they are even more anxious to avoid any identification, however indirect, with the Communists. So great is this anxiety that the Socialist Party has been moving steadily towards the Right for the past two years. Communism has never been a strong force in Austria because of the revolutionary tradition of the Austrian Socialists themselves. But, with this tradition abandoned, at least for the moment, one is forced to ask whether mere anti-Communism will not ultimately work in favour of the Communist Party.

The shift to the Right within the Socialist Party has been reinforced by the attitude of the Western Allies. To the majority of British and Americans in Austria, the People's Party are the "coming men," about whose reliability and "patriotism" no shadow of doubt is entertained. The Socialists, on the other hand, are—Socialists; and their radical tradition in the past does not commend them to the Allied officials. Yet it is only the Socialists who genuinely welcome the Marshall Plan and are trying to make it a success, even though they are afraid of becoming too closely tied to America. Industrial and other Right-wing circles applauded the Plan in the initial stage when they were under the impression that they were to get something for nothing. When they realised that Marshall Plan supplies to the individual trader or manufacturer had to be paid for in the ordinary way, they asserted that they could not "afford" them. Yet manufacturers have been able to pay the enormous prices asked for raw materials on the "black" or "grey" markets, and traders the equally high prices fetched by smuggled goods. Non-co-operation is seriously threatening the functioning of the Marshall Plan in Austria.

The willingness of the Socialist Party to continue its participation in the Government, even in the face of such developments, has deterred many Left-wing intellectuals and others from joining its ranks. They feel that the old reactionary elements are so deeply re-entrenched that there is little to be achieved by the limited action the Socialist Party is prepared to take. Further, the doctrinaire intolerance of the Socialist Party does nothing to draw more active elements into its fold. No praise for what may be considered commendable features of the "People's Democracies" of Eastern Europe is tolerated, and the slightest deviation from the present policy of the party is followed by expulsion.

It is significant, however, that, notwithstanding the political opposition of both the Government parties to the Eastern democracies, trade with them is expanding. A recent agreement with Hungary doubled Austro-Hungarian trade as compared with last year's exchanges, while the latest pact with Yugoslavia increases trade with that country tenfold. Commercial agreements have been concluded by Austria with practically all Eastern European countries; the only difficulty is that, while Austria supplies them with valuable raw materials, she herself receives principally foodstuffs, and not machinery and those industrial raw materials of which she stands most in need. These can be obtained only from Western countries, to which Austrian exports have not been developing so favourably.

The lagging tempo of Austrian shipments to Western countries has given rise to much speculation on the possible devaluation of the schilling to reduce export prices. While this would result in larger temporary profits through a sudden spurt in exports, it would not be likely to bring about any permanent expansion of Austria's export volume. On the other hand, it would drive up still further the internal cost of living. The real remedy—apart from the reduction of excessive profit margins—is probably diversification of Austrian production. New industries would also ease another of Austria's most serious economic problems—that of the "tourist" regions. Whereas tourist traffic brought in over 250 million schillings in 1937, earnings from this source during the last winter season amounted to less than two millions. With entire regions almost wholly dependent on tourist trade, and a return to pre-war conditions most unlikely in the foreseeable future, new sources of employment are an urgent necessity if Austria's apparent prosperity is to become a fact.

FARMERS AND LAND MANAGERS

MAN is a tool-using animal and few men use more tools than the farmer. For tools are more than mere implements; they are crops and stock, buildings, machines and equipment. The tractor, for instance, is a power-producing tool, the cow a milk-producing tool, the granary a tool to enable corn to be stored and processed, the ditch a tool to rid the soil of surplus water. A farm, therefore, is not a piece of land with a homestead on it; it is a complicated and interlocking series of workshops. But there is a distinction between the tools of the farm and the tools of the farmer. The ones create the conditions under which the others can work. Thus the hedge and the ditch, the cowhouse and the yard, the water-scheme and the shelter-belt do not of themselves produce anything; but they form the agricultural factory in which the farmer operates his productive plant, his stock and crops, his implements and fertilisers. So the distinction is physical as well as technical; for the farmer's tools are mobile, whereas the capital equipment of the farm is fixed and permanent and therefore a matter of long-term policy.

In professional terms, it is the *farmer* who attends to the cultivation of land and the care of stock, the *estate-manager* who concerns himself with the provision and maintenance of this capital equipment. The two trades can be, and often are, united on one man. But they are different in purpose and function, and demand different qualifications and outlooks. So the vague and widespread belief that anyone connected with the agricultural industry must necessarily be concerned with farming is a dangerous fallacy; and the traditional test, "Show us your hands," does not apply to the estate-manager. The designer of farm buildings does not need the ploughman's skill nor the drainage expert a detailed understanding of the manurial requirements of turnips.

Once upon a time, it is true, the farmer had created and equipped, as well as worked, his farm, carving his fields from the wastelands and erecting his crude homestead from local materials. But when, towards the end of the Eighteenth Century, the old bottles of the Open Field System failed to hold the new wine of the Agricultural Revolution, it was the estate-managers rather than the farmers who took charge. And a remarkable class they were. Some were landowners, some agents, some surveyors, nearly all were in greater or less degree farmers as well, and their energies and achievements were prodigious. Coke, for instance, created a centre of agricultural pilgrimage from a near-wildness; Young specialised, not unsuccessfully, in omniscience and travelled more widely and with scarcely less fervour than Wesley in his search for it; and Loudon left as his memorials five vast encyclopædias containing the entire rural knowledge of his day and of Great Tew in Oxfordshire.

Such were the men, shrewd, tenacious and purposeful, who planned and executed the Enclosure Acts which changed the very landscape, who designed and built the new homesteads, reclaimed gigantic areas from waste, drained nearly one acre in ten of the entire land-surface of England and planted so many of the woodlands which still delight and serve us. They also found time to establish and staff the Board of Agriculture, the first industrial Department in our history, and produce an immense and singularly sensible professional literature. Their material legacy stands to this day, but they themselves reached their climax in the proud High Farming of the 1850s. For the next generation brought disaster from overseas. Beginning in the late 1870s, virgin prairie and mechanical harvester, railway and steamship, refrigeration and canning combined to break British agriculture. The farmer could at last live off his land, but the continued slump slowly took the heart and the sinews out of the traditional system of estate-management. In 1900, Rider Haggard, himself a Norfolk landowner, found that in East Anglia, one of the centres of the Agricultural Revolution, he did not know one landlord who was living on his rents. And so, on the whole, it continued till 1939. The economic position of the landlord degenerated; so did the capital equipment of the agricultural industry for which he was responsible.

But neglect and decay, derelict buildings and choked drainage schemes, are only half the story. While estate-management stood still or, too often, went backwards, agricultural development continued. New conditions and new tools produced new methods, in particular a steady swing from corn and meat to grass and milk: between 1870 and 1935, the corn and root acreage was roughly halved, the number of milking cattle roughly doubled. Plant, processes and products changed; the farming factory remained the same, for there was neither the capital nor the incentive for reconstruction. With increasing and uneconomic difficulty did the new dairy herds, leys, tractors and combines fit into the obsolete physical pattern of the Agricultural Revolution. To take one instance, the waste of effort in some of our old buildings is incredible to those who have not studied it. One not particularly drastic reconstruction reduced the permanent labour-force on a 250-acre farm from four men to three, another saved 817 man-hours and 238 miles of unnecessary walking a year.

The war, here as elsewhere, merely underlined the obvious. The need for increased production was clear. So were the agricultural means of meeting it; for the difficulties were, on the whole, practical rather than technical. But in many cases the limiting factor lay in the type or condition of the farm's capital equipment; and, before the farmer could use his tools to the best advantage, his factory had to be repaired or re-equipped, sometimes almost recreated. And this was a lengthy and expensive job, beyond the resources of the traditional estate-managers. There was only one authority, the State, sufficiently rich and powerful to see these things were done; and it worked, hurriedly and with much improvisation, through its local agents, mainly the War Agricultural Executive Committees. On these fell the burden of enforcing reasonable standards of husbandry and, therefore, of ensuring a farming framework in which this was possible.

But there was no attempt to replace the traditional system of estate-management. On the contrary, by grant and loan, services and technical advice, the Committees strove to revive and supplement it. Nevertheless, the war years saw a break with the old assumption that property, policy and practice were in the same hands; and the officials of the Committees differed greatly in character, though not in qualifications, from their older professional brethren, the landlord and the land-agent, who lived on the estates they administered and settled the endless and varied problems which arose with little outside help. For these new officials neither owned, farmed nor managed any particular piece of land; they dealt instead with a particular type of work which they pursued by car from farm to farm, for the size of their organisations allowed a considerable degree of specialisation. New conditions have produced new men, technical rather than professional in outlook, who do not themselves manage estates but by virtue of specialist knowledge assist others to do so.

This professional development reflects and illustrates the improvised and piece-meal character of wartime estate-management. There was no thought of any general reconstruction; necessity created short-term policies, and the Committees tackled immediate and individual local problems with natural and successful emphasis on such improvements as land drainage and water supplies, which showed immediate returns. On the other hand, little could be done to modernise farmsteads, field-systems or farm-boundaries. By 1945, therefore, the farmer's factory leaked less, most of the taps and switches worked, and he could produce more with less effort. But it was still no more than an obsolete building hurriedly repaired and partially modernised. The improvement was welcome but insufficient, and today any professional man can name without difficulty a dozen farms whose productive capacity is limited by lack of water, drainage or electricity, by obsolete buildings or an awkward layout.

Further, the last decade neither revived the old nor produced a new system of estate-management. It gave us a farming restored in pride and pocket, invaluable experience and a new class of technicians and administrators but it did little to replace the traditional estate-managers in their old position of leadership. The reasons for this are partly financial—rising costs far outstrip any increase in rents—and partly technical since, for instance, a central body with public powers is better equipped than the private owner to plan and execute large-scale drainage, water or electricity schemes. On the other hand, the achievement of the Committees, though considerable, was in the nature of a by-product, an essential but secondary part of their farming policy. For they were concerned primarily with crops and stock, the fields and their contents, and their physical resources allowed little more than first-aid to capital equipment.

Against this background we can regard the Agriculture Act of 1947 as a map for the future. In effect, the State, which has allotted farming an essential and not unprofitable place in the national economy, has consolidated and extended the responsibilities for ensuring good estate-management which it assumed so haphazardly in the war. It lays on all owners of agricultural land the obligation to secure management "reasonably adequate to enable an occupier of land reasonably skilled in husbandry to maintain efficient production" and creates official machinery to assess and enforce it. But we cannot expect sudden or spectacular benefits from this; the task is immense, the resources limited and it will inevitably be some years before results accumulate. Nevertheless, the Act gives us a policy, a purpose and, therefore, confidence.

NIGEL HARVEY

THE SPOTS ON THE GLASS

THE elderly small man perched on a box in a corner of the ship's hold was very different from the stevedores, with their caps and shabby clothes. His soft hat, overcoat, leather gloves and precise appearance placed him in the professional class. The stevedores were grumbling and swearing and jerking cargo into position with their vicious steel hooks; and the man in the corner might have escaped notice, since it was dark there among the sacks and crates, and he sat with crossed legs, perfectly still. But it wasn't the stillness of inertia; it was more like that of a wild beast about to spring. What was he up to? Did he sit there all day?

"No," he said, "I have a roving commission."

This idea of a commission to rove in the limited space of the hold was itself intriguing, especially as he didn't even rove there, but stayed immovable on his box.

"I watch"—he crooked an accusatory forefinger, while his eyes panned powerfully—"wherever the men are working; I watch them and I see that there's no *pilferaging*. The Insurance Companies won't insure the boats unless there's one of us down every hatch when cargo's being loaded."

He spoke with an emphatic sense of importance. No, he wouldn't call himself a detective—preferred "Security Officer." While speaking he kept his eyes fixed on the complicated business with hooks, shackles, blocks, planks, crates, "four-ton lifts"—"Steady, Joe! Slew 'er round a bit! Mind that hook!"—and on the gang manœuvring them. They never once looked his way, and seemed to resent his presence only when they thought about it. "Security Officer" made them angry; they called him "The Beadle" or "The Old Gentleman." And said, with shrugs blending charity and contempt: "Pore ole boy! He's got to do something!"

He said of them "They're very nice to your face . . . *but* . . ." That "but" held all the contempt of the professional man—the man whose

vote Mr. Morrison wants—for the labourer who works with his hands and gets dirty.

In his story, *My Life*, Chehov said of those who unreservedly condemned the peasants, on account of their filth, stupidity, drunkenness, and "pilferaging": "They see the spots on the glass but not the glass itself." It is a harsh story, executed in a key of despair. For a short while, thinking about that "but" in the ship's hold, I felt the same sort of despair. Here was a man intimately linked with the stevedores in all his working days, who would never see anything about them except "the spots on the glass."

Dockers are not peasants, and the England of 1948 is not the Russia of 1900. But the West India Docks are a hundred and fifty years old, the Port of London many centuries older; customs are tenacious and complicated, change slow and stubborn. It was evening when I left the big ship, and at evening the docks seem to feel their age; immense and sad and interesting, with cranes angled on the sky-line and steaming-lights of ships moving slow like stars. Men in ones and twos were walking or bicycling along the darkening quays, home-bound; tarpaulins were being stretched across the cargoes in lighters. A barge, loaded with cases of arrowroot off a red-and-black Liverpool coaster, had grass growing out of it at one edge.

"That lawn o' yours is doin' orl right, Harry!"

"Ay!" says Harry, a small, smiling Scot, shock-headed. "We get plenty of allotments on ourr barges—grass and linseed and peas even. It's the fertilisers and chemicals and stuff that makes it grow." And as though grass might claim it altogether eventually, this dockland, the Isle of Dogs, with its intricate apparatus of wharves and elevators and tall warehouses, seemed enclosed in an immense fatigue and sadness.

Mornings are sharper. The rhythm is difficult to grasp, and so are the arguments. Nothing happening, you might think at first, except men leaning on boxes and arguing with other men; more often using their steel hooks to emphasise points than to shift cargo.

"You think I'm silly! You don't want to do your work, and you want me to go and tell these other men to do it for you!"

"Where's your —— sense of humour?"

"A man betrays 'isself by 'is mentality of life. You being a single man has turned you sour!"

Then you notice that several tons of what they call the "London type" of cargo—"everything from pins to ploughshares"—have somehow or other got themselves loaded during the complicated verbal in-fighting. Boards stacked with crates have been hauled aloft, winches have turned, hooks have clashed in the air, and other boards been dropped over the ship's side with loud claps and clouds of wharf-dust. Once or twice there has been a feel of danger, as the load swung. And you realize suddenly that this slow rhythm, with its counterpoint of movement and argument, is also very old—time-tested.

On the docks, no accusation is resented more bitterly than that of "losing your sense of humour." The take-it-easy rhythm helps to keep it going. The piece-rates put the heaviest strain on it. A man could go mad trying to understand dockers' and stevedores' piece-rates. They are paid by tonnage, different rates on different cargoes. (Cement's a favourite. Although dirty to handle, it loads quickly and pays well. Next, sugar; and seasonal cargoes such as tomatoes and bananas, which permit short spells of exceptional earnings, up to £17 in a week, including overtime and Sundays.) Tonnage, you learn, may mean either deadweight or measurement in cubic feet, reckoned—why?—at 40 to the ton; an Alice-In-Wonderland anomaly, like all our weights and measures. If deadweight exceeds a certain amount, the docker gets paid the other way—whichever is less. So he may complain if he is being paid by tonnage; conversely, if he is not. Dockers, working on the quays and in the sheds, have slightly lower rates than the stevedores, who discharge cargo from and "build" it (the most skilled of all these jobs) into the ships' holds: for the former 28s., for the latter 30s. 6d., on a normal "overtime day" of ten hours.

And that's not all, there are the differences of "ocean-going," "short-sea," and "wharfingers'" rates. "Short-sea," you think, must apply to dock-workers on ships doing a coastal trade. It may, but it may also cover work on ships bringing tomatoes from the Canary Islands. On a covered hatch of one biggish ship, loaded in just a fortnight with ten thousand tons of "London cargo" for Malta and the Middle East, stood a thing like a huge hen-coop—actually aeroplane wings. The figure "30 CWT." stood out in clear black on its ribbed side. That was the deadweight, and the price paid to the dockers and stevedores was fixed by that. But the stevedore-mathematicians had calculated its weight by cubic measurement as 38 tons, and worked out how much more they would have got if paid that way. The sight of it sitting up there was poison to them.

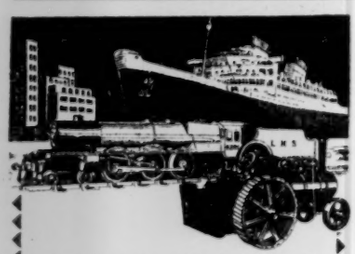
(To be concluded.)

GILES ROMILLY

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

The Man Outside, a play for broadcasting by Wolfgang Borchert, who died a year ago at the age of twenty-six, has been described as "incontestably" the most powerful literary work to appear in Germany since the end of the war. Well, the Third Programme did it proud last week: the production, by Mr. E. A. Harding and the translator, Mr. David Porter, was, quite simply, superb; and Mr. Marius Goring's performance of Bechmann, the man outside, was masterly in its intensity. What of the play itself? Bechmann, ill and in rags, a ludicrous figure, returns from three years as a prisoner of war in Siberia to find his wife in bed with another man. He throws himself into the Elbe, but the Elbe, played by Miss Mannheim, won't have him and he is rescued by a girl. He is in her bed when her husband, a man who has served under him and met his death at Stalingrad, appears; after which Bechmann wanders through Germany or through a delirium confronting, and vainly seeking satisfaction from, conventional values, typified by his colonel, a cabaret producer and God, a poor old man forgotten by the world and powerless. In the end he is swept up by a roadsweeper who is Death. *The Man Outside*, in other words, is the kind of work it is almost impossible not to think of as thoroughly German; both in its nightmare quality and in its large assumptions of despair it recalls much of the cinema of the early Weimar Republic; and, on the evidence of this play and of that fine feature-programme *The Twenty Nineth of January*, it seems that the Germans may do for radio what they once did for the films. For there can be no denying the imaginative grasp of the technique of radio revealed in *The Man Outside*; and one could only admire the sweep, energy and confidence of the language, excellently translated, it seemed to me, by Mr. Porter. But the values implicit in this arraignment of God and man were quite another matter. They were largely those of hysteria and self-pity, and self-pity, even when expressed by a writer with the talent of Borchert, remains the seediest and least ingratiating of the emotions. At no point in this Gothic fantasy of guilt did it appear to strike the hero that he too might have his share in the responsibility for the breakdown of human relations and the chaos of Germany; all the time he was seeking for something, someone, he could put the blame on for his own



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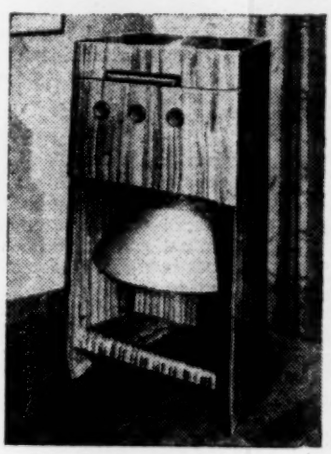

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misery. Borchert was plainly aware of this weakness in the play, for Bechmann's steps were dogged throughout by a character called The Other One, the voice of conscience perhaps, of optimism, of the will to live. But The Other One with his harsh Prussian bark was sadly unconvincing, and the play ended as it had begun, a thorough-going exposition of the death-instinct.

Death played a large part in the Third Programme last week, for after *The Man Outside* came Mr. Terence Tiller's programme on the plague of London, *Farewell, Earth's Bliss*. This, for all the calls for repentance by Solomon Eagle and the cries of "Bring out your dead," which punctuated it, was a much less harrowing programme than Borchert's and, I thought, on its different level much more satisfying. Mr. Tiller, using an ambitious technique which blended dramatic reconstruction based on Defoe with readings from Donne, Dekker, Pepys and others, created a unity which had the eloquence, gravity and indeed beauty of an elegiac poem on the theme of mortality; the tone was set by Nash's "In Time of Pestilence," with which the programme opened, and was maintained throughout. It was a poet's programme. I liked Mr. Cottrell's production, and the acting and reading were exemplary. Mr. Carleton Hobbs, as the narrator, appeared to much better advantage than he did in *The Man Outside*, where I thought he was miscast.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE HALLÉ

No doubt a woman scorned is troublesome; but her fury is mildness itself beside that of the beauty, extravagantly praised on all sides, who detects an element of doubt in a single voice. That the eulogists should be desirable and eminent, and the Doubting Thomas (at any rate in the beauty's eyes) a creature of straw, seems only to make matters worse. Thus it is that the Hallé Orchestra have been hot on my track ever since their first concert at the Edinburgh Festival last autumn, when their playing, well as it compared with that of most of our British orchestras, hardly seemed to deserve superlatives which might be thought exorbitant if applied to the Boston Symphony in Tchaikovsky under Koussevitsky, New York's N.B.C. Orchestra in Verdi under Toscanini, the Vienna Philharmonic in Schubert under Walter, or the R.P.O. in Mozart under Beecham —not to mention, at the same Festival, the Concertgebouw in Bartók under Van Beinum (for I was lucky enough to miss the concert at which the Amsterdam players apparently came to grief in some comparatively simple Handel and Mozart under the baton of Charles Münch). When I said as much, the Hallé promptly bombarded my unfortunate editor with unprintably long protestations of innocence, and have now come all the way from Manchester, solely (who can doubt it?) to convince me of my error.

Their expedition was eminently worth while; it has provided Londoners with one of the most enjoyable orchestral evenings they have recently experienced, and given me a welcome chance of drawing attention to this orchestra's solid merits: its rich and well-nourished tone, its sonorous strings, its bass which speaks humanely instead of barking in the approved London manner. Though some members of the wind choir lack the stylistic elegance in phrase-moulding which is characteristic of the world's finest orchestras, the band as a whole is quite equal to the formidable virtuoso demands of such a piece as Ravel's *Rhapsodie Espagnole*. The ingeniously stitched but essentially lyrical Second Symphony of Brahms suits, better than Beethoven, Mr. Barbirolli's impassioned and sensuous style; Elgar's charming early Serenade for Strings sounded lovely, if almost too voluptuous; and the elaborately scored meandering *Eventyr* proved just the sort of Delius for the occasion. By the way, without disrespect to its composer, might we not now drop those two absurd shouts in the middle of this piece, which add nothing to the music and merely set the more nervous members of the audience wondering whether the hall has been invaded by a band of hooligans? Perhaps this quaint effect was explained in the analytical notes; but what is the good of that when darkness renders the shilling programme as unreadable as the miniature scores enterprisingly marketed outside the hall?

For Lili Kraus's reappearance at the Wigmore Hall, we were again plunged into darkness—or rather, into a dim green tank, with a little declining December daylight filtering through from the top; the tank was full of eager students armed with volumes of Schubert and Beethoven, on whose behalf I should like to register as strong a protest as I can against this silly modern fad. Mme Kraus had acquired before the war, as much by her records as by her recitals, an enviable niche among pianists. Her playing combined delicate rhythmic impulse with continuous clarity of texture and a very high standard of accuracy; it eschewed those effects of brilliant-sounding but note-concealing *chiaroscuro* which often astonish the amateur who hears for the first time one of his favourite pieces played by a great virtuoso. Her Mozart and Schubert was incomparable: the page simply came to life. On Sunday last, in Beethoven's *Eroica* Variations rhythmic exuberance sometimes veered towards eccentricity, and there were little nervous spurts which caused a slight loss of clarity—as though she wished to sacrifice the balanced feminine precision of her style in favour of some sort of Schnabelian gruffness. The posthumous Schubert Sonata in A major went far better; and best of all the Mozart Fantasy and Sonata in C minor: shapely, flawlessly judged, and executed with all the old perfection of touch.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

DAVID AT THE TATE

THE bi-centenary of Jacques-Louis David's birth was celebrated this summer with a comprehensive exhibition at the Orangerie, the Louvre and Versailles: the exhibition at the Tate, arranged by courtesy of the French Government, fills one room. In the lobby, there are drawings and photographs of some of the enormous classical, historical and ceremonial pictures which have not come. But although the present exhibition is inadequate as a survey of his career it is not unfair to his genius, and some loss of solemnity is a gain in seriousness.

His role of *Premier Peintre de l'Empereur* is summarily represented by one of the five versions of *Bonaparte Crossing the St. Bernard*, which would surely have been an embarrassment to anyone but a bourgeois emperor, and by the *Napoleon in his Study*, looking remarkably like an enlarged still for a colour film, even to the soft-focus background which gives the figure a stereoscopic sharpness. David's unwavering but humourless conception of the artist as a public servant played him an appalling trick when his revolutionary fervour was replaced by hero-worship (his veneration for Napoleon was quite genuine, and after the fall of the Empire he retired to Brussels rather than serve the Bourbons) and in this period of inordinate striving after nobility and grandeur he was never much more than a self-deceiving purveyor of pomp and circumstance.

It was as a member of the Revolutionary Convention and an educator of the people that he painted his masterpiece, *The Dead Marat*. The picture at the Tate is the Versailles replica, largely painted by David himself; the original was completed exactly three months after Marat's death, and was immediately exhibited to the people, in the courtyard of the Louvre. This picture is, so to speak, on the barrel-organs, and, in company with millions of other people, I've been familiar with it since childhood, but it was not until I was looking at this Versailles version the other day that I realised how well its ideological message survives. It was crime reporting with a propagandist purpose, created not so much with deep feeling as with that brand of calculated opportunism and passionate exploitation that are the qualities of the professional revolutionary.

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Even the moving delineation of Marat's face is not in itself *inspired*, for it is a careful copy of the death-mask made by the sculptor Beauvallet. Yet in setting forth the evidence of the crime in dignified *trompe-l'oeil* for people who couldn't read, David gave every object a moral or myth-making attribute.

To turn to his family portraits is to pass from the myth to the skeleton in the cupboard; they draw one into a tense atmosphere of intimate relationships in which the artist's likes and dislikes come out rather too clearly. The portraits of his wife's parents are painted in a *genre* spirit and have an air of not unkindly tolerance, the studies of his two ugly daughters are cruelly perfunctory, and the hard portrait of his wife, whose bulbous nose is scarcely outshone by the horrid glossiness of her satin bodice, definitely smacks of repulsion; but the two large beautifully painted pictures of his sister-in-law and her husband are clearly intended to please and have a positively royalist elegance.

The large and famous *Madame Récamier*, the *Madame Trudaine* and a self-portrait are fairly described in the catalogue as unfinished, but they are nevertheless so serenely and completely realised that they constitute an unelaborated style, incomparably finer than the hard-faced classicism of his large compositions. It is not known why two of them remained unfinished, but it is said that David stopped work on Mme Récamier's portrait because his sight was weakening and he preferred not to appear before her in spectacles. Lacking his usual high finish, these pictures tend to confirm the modern contention that to use paint for the imitation of textures is to use up some of its life. In the *Madame Récamier* especially, with a background of coiled brushstrokes from which the lightly modelled figure emerges like a natural issue, there is a calm rhythmic movement, as if the entire surface of the canvas were breathing.

ROBERT MELVILLE

"The Father," at the Embassy

Dennis Arundell's production of Strindberg's horror play with Michael Redgrave as the Captain and Freda Jackson as Laura is very well worth a visit. The decision to play the whole piece in a much more restrained way than is usual was presumably a concession to some idea of what a modern audience can stand. But is there anything in the way of violence that a film-inoculated public cannot stand? And the violence here is, after all, centred on one of the primal human conflicts carried, it is true, to the extreme of maniacal logic. The final outrage when the Women put the Man in a strait-jacket is supportable only because the act is the symbolic climax to the inner situation the play has built up. The Captain is not a part for which Mr. Redgrave is, at the outset, well suited either in appearance or in temperament. But he gives a most understanding and moving performance: while Miss Jackson is undeviatingly cold and malignant. If these two underplay the last scene, they at least rise right up to the pitch of the end of the second act. The minor parts give little enough chance to the actors except for Margaret the old nurse. Miss Lilly Kann is particularly good in this part and her managing of the scene where she coaxes the Captain into the strait-jacket is excellent.

"John Piper," at the Leicester Galleries

Of all contemporary painters in this country Mr. John Piper is probably the one to whom success has come most easily. Much of the work he has done in recent years—his stage settings, the war pictures, even the two series of Renishaw and Windsor—was commissioned. In it the appeal of the familiar—that tradition which goes back to the Norwich School—has always been combined with that of a pleasant nostalgia. Mr. Piper's art has thus unfailingly reached many who are not usually attracted by contemporary works, but he has also had to make sacrifices which must have endangered his power of concentration as well as his technical thoroughness. His present exhibition at the Leicester Galleries seems to mark a new departure: it shows water-colours and oils which were evidently painted for their own sake, in the artist's favourite churches and in the mountains of Wales, with a devotion which demands thoroughness and results in more weighty effects than Piper's earlier paintings had. The Welsh scenes admirably render the volcanic nature of those hills—the same hills which Richard Wilson once painted in his gentle, italianising 18th-century manner; the mountains really rise; the lakes are of sinister depth, and the soil curdles under our eyes. Some of these pictures seem to smell of fire or of dusty ruins: the experiences of the war years have left their impact on Mr. Piper's art. He uses more black than ever and experiments enterprisingly with the surface of his pictures which is sometimes so thinly covered that the texture of the canvas contributes to the pattern of the painting, while in other places the application of paint (colour) is thick and rich. Some of the oil paintings have a strangely abstract quality, others are reminiscent of Turner's dramatisations. The water colours, which are enriched by a net of pen strokes, are closer to nature, more detailed and yet more grandiose. Such works as "Stair Hole, Lulworth," "Marchlyn Mawr," and "Snowdon from The Glyders" belong to the most impressive pictures Mr. John Piper has shown.

Correspondence

EDUCATIONAL PRIVILEGE

SIR,—I have until recently believed that, since the the 1945 Election, we have come steadily nearer attaining the ideal of equality of opportunity in this country. In some vague way, I have thought that the poor boy's chance of getting the best education is greater now than before. To those (and they are many) who have thought as I did, the following facts must come as a rude shock.

I have analysed (by types of school) the total entry of all Freshmen at Oxford during this academic year. The source is the "List of Freshmen and their Schools" published this term in the first four issues of the "Oxford Magazine." In this analysis, the category "Grammar Schools" includes the direct-grant schools, together with the assisted and maintained grammar schools. The "Independent Schools" are, of course, mainly the public schools. The results are as follows:—

	Men	*Women*	*Total*
Grammar Schools	694	131	825
Independent Schools	840	149	989
Other Universities and Overseas	323	39	362
Unclassified	21	2	23
	1878	321	2199

The disproportion between grammar and public schools is most striking with the men. Here, more than 800 of the 840 independent school entrants come from little more than 100 public schools—an average of about 8 freshmen per school. The 694 grammar school entrants come from 900-odd schools (including mixed schools)—an average of 0.7 per school. Moreover, these 900-odd schools include the 90 direct-grant boys' schools, many of which (e.g., Manchester Grammar) contribute a large proportion of the 694 grammar school freshmen. Without the direct-grant schools, the grammar schools would indeed cut a sorry figure.

It appears from this analysis that the public school's chance of sending one of its pupils to Oxford is about 11 times greater than that of the grammar school. Even when allowance is made for the larger number of open scholarships won by the public schools, and for the closed scholarships which many of them hold at various colleges, there seems no doubt that the public schoolboy is preferred to the grammar schoolboy at Oxford. How else can one explain the situation at Trinity, for instance, where 84 freshmen come from the public schools, and only 7 from the grammar schools?

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With the women's colleges, there is a similar disproportion. The 75 independent schools provide 149 entrants (an average of 2 per school), whereas 894 grammar schools provide 131 entrants (an average of 0.13 per school)—a disproportion in the independent schools' favour of 15 to 1.

A similar analysis of the Cambridge figures has not been made, but there seems no reason to doubt that they are of the same order as those of Oxford.

It would be interesting to compare the present figures with those for 1938, were these latter available. In their absence, the writer can only quote a tutor at an Oxford college, who recently wrote to him:

> My own impression is that the Grammar Schools send fewer people to Oxford these days (proportionately) than they did before the War; that the gap between the Grammar Schools and the Public Schools has increased since 1939 and is increasing (staff: conditions of teaching: incentives: "prestige"); and that if we are not very careful, a most dangerous double-stream tendency will arise—Public Schools to Oxford and Cambridge: Grammar Schools to the provincial universities.

There seem to be three reasons contributing to this "dangerous double-stream tendency." First, it is only too probable that advanced work in the State schools is inferior to that in the public schools, owing to the worse conditions for staff and pupils. Secondly, there is reason to believe that the system of college entrance as usually practised is unsatisfactory and unfair. Some colleges (e.g. Magdalen) require all applicants to sit for some form of examination; but with most colleges, selection is in the hands of a few men or one man, usually the Head of the College. The Open Scholarship Examination is fair, and provides equality of opportunity. Ordinary entrance, however, is haphazard and arbitrary, and leaves wide scope for prejudice.

Thirdly, the colleges are not the only villains of the piece. The Oxford tutor quoted above, complained that "Grammar School heads are woefully ignorant of the Oxford system, and fail to profit from it. They understand the scholarship system (though frequently imperfectly) but not the normal entrance system. In particular they ignore the points of contact which they could make with sympathetic people here." The Government, too, is uncertain what it wants. It has not thought out clearly enough the relationship between Oxford and Cambridge and the provincial universities in a programme of educational expansion. In the absence of such a plan, the State Scholarship system is open to criticism. The Ministry of Education Report for 1947 says:

> Until 1947, successful candidates (for State scholarships) had been entirely free to choose the university or university college at which they would like the scholarship to be held, and four out of five selected Oxford, Cambridge or London Universities.

Since 1947, however, only 125 out of the 750 State scholarships awarded each year, are allowed to be held at each of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In other words, 500 out of the 750 best Grammar School pupils of each year are henceforward to be barred from going to Oxford or Cambridge.

It is clear that all these factors are combining to bring about a most lamentable segregation in higher education. At a time when a great argument is in progress about democracy in the State secondary school system, the best university education is being bestowed, quietly and without controversy, mainly on those who are outside the State system.

45, Queen's Avenue, N.10. ALAN HILL

NATIONAL LEGAL SERVICE

SIR,—Mr. Lester Hutchinson's motives, as appearing from his observations in your issue of November 27, will meet with general sympathy. Happily all the points he mentions have for some time past been engaging the attention of the Labour Party and of its lawyers' organisation, the Haldane Society. Let me take the points he raises severally:

1. *A "National Legal Service":* As long ago as 1941 the Haldane Society started a campaign for the extension of the legal aid system, and this resulted ultimately in the new Legal Aid Bill. This Bill, as so clearly explained by Mr. C. H. Rolph in your issue of December 4, is a very great step forward. Although we have certain criticisms of it, and think it does not go far enough in some respects, we warmly welcome it. It does, to a considerable extent, provide a "National Legal Service."

2. *Civil Procedure and Costs:* The Lord Chancellor some time ago appointed Committees to inquire into the simplification of procedure and reduction of costs of litigation in the High Court and the County Courts under the chairmanship of Lord Justice Evershed and Mr. Justice Austin Jones respectively. These committees have been and still are vigorously at work, and the latter has already issued an interim report which has been acted on. Very considerable results may be expected from both these committees; but the question of High Court procedure (and costs are a dependent subject) is a very complicated one—the ordinary practice book on procedure has over 3,000 pages—and it is bound to take a little time for Lord Justice Evershed's Committee to issue a full report.

Procedure in matrimonial causes has already been improved in many details as the result of recommendations made by a Committee, also appointed by the present Lord Chancellor, under the Chairmanship of Mr. Justice Denning.

3. *Re-codification of the law:* The Haldane Society is on record as favouring complete codification of the law. Reported cases, containing the common law of England and judicial interpretations of statutes, number approximately 312,000. On top of that the multiplicity of statutes (on many subjects there is a great multiplicity of statutes on the one subject) makes the law both difficult to ascertain and to understand. We believe that codification would make it much easier for both layman and lawyer to understand and to ascertain the law on any particular point, and would in practice be more flexible than the present system. But it is estimated that it would probably take 10 to 15 years to complete such a vast scheme.

4. *Criminal Procedure* is less complicated than Mr. Hutchinson evidently thinks. One of its less advantageous features, the taking of depositions in longhand, has already been the subject of investigation by a Committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Byrne, appointed by the Lord Chancellor. On the whole, English criminal procedure is fair to the accused, and those features of it which seem out of keeping with modern ideas are mostly frills, dross collected in the course of ages.

5. *Magistrates:* Mr. Hutchinson is, I believe, in a minority among those in the Labour Party who have considered this subject in wanting to abolish lay magistrates. Two years ago the Haldane Society published a report on the magisterial system, in which the continuance of the lay magisterial system was strongly recommended, subject to certain improvements, notably in the constitution of the Advisory Committees on whose recommendations magistrates are appointed (this is really the key to the whole question). This report was, save for certain minor points, unanimously endorsed at a delegate conference in November, 1946, by a large number of representatives of constituency Labour Parties from London and the Home Counties.

As for "democratic control over police courts," I do not quite know what Mr. Hutchinson means. The general view is that it is more democratic to have a magistrate's court consisting of a number of intelligent, public spirited, ordinary people, than of a single professional magistrate. In very busy courts, as those in London, the latter is a practical necessity. But, in general, there is safety in numbers, and also in the fact that lay magistrates enjoy the advantage of spending most of their lives rubbing shoulders with other ordinary people, whereas stipendiary magistrates have the difficulty of belonging to a pro-

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THE 23rd ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) will be held in London on Dec. 29.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Mr. J. S. Crossley, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to Sept. 30, 1948:

The profit for the year is £649,873. We have made a further addition of £231,000 to the reserve fund, and we have allocated £100,000 to premises reserve account. The year's dividends will cost an additional £47,212, as the whole of the increased capital of the bank has ranked for dividend for the full year.

Except in Palestine, the business of the bank has remained very active, and has continued to grow. Substantial progress has been made during the year by Barclays Overseas Development Corporation Limited, and the balance-sheet as at Sept. 30 shows that its resources were almost fully employed by that date. Permission has been received from the Capital Issues Committee for an increase in the capital of a further £1 million at a premium of 50 per cent. This will double the Corporation's existing resources.

POSITION IN PALESTINE

In recent months stockholders have been feeling some anxiety about the position in Palestine. It was only to be expected, in present conditions, that business activity would decline sharply, and there will certainly be many difficult and novel problems to confront us in the future, but this itself is hardly a new experience for our bank. While we must expect to suffer some losses, I think it can be said that no bank, however prudent, could go through such a period entirely unscathed. It is important, however, to maintain a proper perspective in this matter. Great care has been taken in our lendings in Palestine, which have never been large in relation to the bank's total lendings.

The figures involved are not of such magnitude as to prejudice the bank's operations in any way, even in the most unfavourable circumstances, and we have taken the precaution of allocating a substantial sum this year to meet contingencies.

During the war years a reserve was built up for the special purpose of meeting any emergency which might arise in the Middle East. The greatly increased activity during the war, coupled with the phenomenal immunity from bad debts which was common at that time, enabled us to make generous provisions then for this purpose. Although part of these were later transferred to the bank's reserve fund when the military threat to Egypt had been removed, we retained a substantial sum on this special account to meet any situation such as that which has now arisen.

As regards the future, you will not expect me to indulge in political forecasts. In spite of temporary difficulties, we hope it will be possible for us to continue to serve the needs of the people of Palestine, as we have tried to do in the past.

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fessional class, and are sometimes not fully conversant with the ways of life and thought common to the ordinary man. The recent report of the Royal Commission on Justices of the Peace (another child of the present Lord Chancellor) gives the same opinion.

7 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4. STEPHEN MURRAY, Chairman, Haldane Society

THE LYSENKO DEBATE

SIR,—I was surprised that "Critic" made no comment on the contributions of Darlington and Fisher to the recent broadcast symposium on the Lysenko controversy. It is a little unusual for two Fellows of the Royal Society taking part in a scientific broadcast to behave as though they were acting in a Victorian melodrama, the one full of biting satire, the other denouncing the villain in a voice quivering with emotion, both revealing to the full their political prejudices and neither talking like scientists. Not content with denouncing Lysenko as a charlatan, without discussing the evidence for his views, they proceed to talk of scientists being killed and tortured by the Soviet Government and Lysenko. It does not seem to matter to them that one needs evidence to support such statements.

Why do these two scientists fling objectivity to the winds? It seems that anti-Russian hysteria, imported with the Marshall Plan, is finding a ready sale among those scientists who are already prejudiced in that direction. Before they buy they would do well to reflect how much this hysteria serves to prepare scientists for war and turn them into willing tools of those who seem actually to want a war against Russia.

In our genuine concern over the Lysenko controversy we should also take into account the fact that the Soviet Academy of Sciences has a responsibility for the practical application of its discoveries, whereas our Royal Society has little or none. If our own Government worked on Socialist principles more encouragement would be given to scientists, and far greater use would be made of science and scientists in planning the country's economy than is the case at present.

St. John's College, Cambridge. J. H. WOLSTENCROFT

[We agree that this broadcast symposium gave no fair account of the issues involved in the Lysenko controversy, and we hope shortly to publish a dispassionate analysis of it by a well-known biologist.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

A STRANGE OMISSION

SIR,—In his notice of *Ciano's Diplomatic Papers* in your issue of December 4, "Critic" describes the dramatic three-hour interview between Chamberlain and Count Grandi which preceded the resignation of Mr. Eden in February, 1938. "Critic" adds that it would be interesting to know the identity of Chamberlain's private emissary who featured largely in the incident. Count Grandi's answer is not far to seek. In the original Italian text of the relevant despatch (*L'Europa verso la Catastrofe*, Mondadori, Milan, p. 251) he names the confidential emissary used on this and other occasions as "Sir Joseph Ball, secretary-general of the Conservative Party." This passage has unaccountably been omitted from the English translation.

Christchurch, Oxford. R. N. W. BLAKE.

DEFECTIVE CHILDREN

SIR,—The problems involved in providing the best type of care for mentally defective children are, of course, very difficult and important. But the "discipline of a large institution," which "Observer" charges me with recommending for them, is not the sort of thing which I have ever felt inclined to recommend for anybody. This perpetuates the original error in the letter of Dr. Leys (in the previous issue) in which he further charges me with having said that "society cannot make use of the vocation of such an independent as Miss Sherwood." These references are entirely misleading. And I cannot let them go in silence, simply because more than five months have passed since the publication of the article about Miss Sherwood's case, to which he objects.

What I did point out then is that the statutory requirements concerning the care of defective children need to be enforced (whether in a large institution or a small one); and that it is the business of responsible doctors and social workers, if they recommend children to such small homes as Miss Sherwood's, to make sure that this is being done: that the home is registered with the Board of Control, is subject to regular medical inspection, that records are kept, and—an elementary precaution—that it possesses a weighing-machine. Some practical vigilance of that sort, coming in good time, would be more beneficial than indignation and sympathy when too late.

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ALEC PATERSON MEMORIAL FUND

SIR,—Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will not need to be reminded of the life and work of the late Sir Alec Paterson. If it be true that "the test of a country's civilisation is the way it treats its prisoners," the civilisation of England owes as much to him as to any. It was his faith and vision that, during his 25 years work as a Prison Commissioner, breathed life into the formula that "the object of our prisons should be to turn the prisoners out, so far as possible, better men and women than when they came in." Nor was his influence confined to England. As adviser to the Colonial Office, and for over 20 years British delegate to the Imperial Penal and Penitentiary Commission, he was always in the van of the fight for humane values in the penal systems of the world.

The Home Secretary has announced the formation of an Alec Paterson Memorial Fund to perpetuate his memory by helping to perpetuate the spirit of his work. The sponsors of the appeal, including, under the chairmanship of the Home Secretary, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prime Minister, have concentrated on what was the key to his success—his profound belief that it is men that matter, and not buildings or regulations. His unique contribution was not only to see the way but to find the men to go with him and inspire them with his faith in the goal. He was helped to do so by the close ties he kept to the end with Oxford, where he was first an undergraduate and later an Honorary Fellow of University College, and with Bermondsey, where he made his home from leaving Oxford till his marriage in 1927, and remained a beloved figure in its streets and clubs.

The objects then of the appeal are, briefly, to assist Oxford men or others to acquire the experience necessary for a career of personal service at home or overseas, to assist Bermondsey men and boys who have shown promise and need help to fulfil it, to assist men and women to prepare themselves for work in the prevention and treatment of crime, and in exceptional cases, to assist ex-prisoners or Borstal boys who, in spite of their past record, are exercising a real influence for good. In these ways we have sought to cover much of the wide range of Alec Paterson's interests and to ensure that his example and influence on individual lives are continued.

We hope to raise £50,000. Contributions will be welcomed by the honorary treasurer, B. G. K. Allsop, Esq., J.P., M.C., 21 Soho Square, W.1, and more detailed particulars will gladly be supplied by the undersigned as honorary secretary.

Prison Commission, Horseferry House, London, S.W.1. R. L. BRADLEY Hon. Sec.

SARAGAT AND LOMBARDO

SIR,—There is a phrase in Mr. Bruegel's letter in your last issue which might give a false impression. He describes the Italian democratic socialist leaders Saragat and Lombardo as "upright working-class leaders." Before he became a politician, Saragat was a banker. He worked for the Credit Anstalt of Vienna. Lombardo was an "*industriale*," that is a member of the owning-managing-directing class, in the textile industry. This does not say that they are not upright *Socialist* leaders.

Leinster Corner, Lancaster Gate, W.2. W. HILTON-YOUNG

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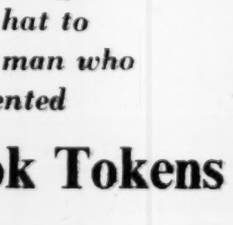

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE is nothing new in the doctrine of our duty to our neighbour except the modern conception of neighbourhood, a conception made more grievous by the prevalence of exile. A Czech Jew who wrote in German, Kafka speaks with authority to all who live in exile—from country, home or (simply and even more often) themselves. Any form of exile undermines the sense of security, and this in turn denies complacency to all but the very stupid. We are all responsible for one another and thus share each other's guilt.

It is clear that Kafka regarded Original Sin as fundamental. We can gather this from the Diaries alone (of which the first part has now been published, in a competent translation), without the assistance of the latest and stiffest piece of exegesis.* This resolute conviction led Kafka—as it led earlier novelists like Dostoevsky and James Hogg—through wastes of despair, in which indeed some of his readers remain stuck. *The Trial*, for instance, is just such a desert, and Herr Tauber is justified in so regarding it.

> The novel presents no thesis and does not proceed from the sure consciousness of a divinity, but from an unrest which remains within the limits of this world; just as the animal in *The Burrow*, faced with a mysterious noise, in helpless terror can think of nothing else but unceasing and intensified caution by digging itself in deeper. *The Trial* proceeds by fits and starts, and for good reason. The abyss over which existence is poised justifies an arbitrary and unpredictable sequence of events. It is neither a work of synopsis, nor a recollection in tranquillity of things overcome, but rather resembles some memorandum of spiritual argument, that may begin anywhere and break off at any time. At the end Death still remains incomprehensible, with ever relentless Life in opposition to it.

But even if we did not know how it was intended to end, we could hardly fail to notice a distinct difference of tone in *The Castle*, which is the last and finest variation on the theme stated for the first time in *The Judgment*. The difference lies in a new attitude to beauty. Poetry is always present in Kafka's work: beauty less often. In the earlier stories, in *The Metamorphosis* and *America*, Kafka is solely concerned with expressing a religious and moral view through an obsessive vision. We are free to find the result beautiful or not, as we wish. In *The Castle* the effect of beauty is clearly intended—it is part of the design—and in perceiving it we begin to leave the Slough of Despond behind us. In one of his fragmentary *Meditations* Kafka observes: "We were driven out of Paradise, but Paradise itself was not destroyed. Our exile was in this sense a fortunate thing that had we not been driven out of it, Paradise would have had to be destroyed." In *The Castle*, for the first time in his work, Kafka implies the continued existence of Paradise, and at any rate the possibility of some day regaining it. In *The Trial* the best that could have happened to K was to be freed from arrest and accusation—a purely negative satisfaction, which, in fact, he is denied. In the later novel the hero (again called K) has a positive aim—to be established as land surveyor to the owner of the castle; and although the book breaks off while he is still struggling vainly for recognition, Kafka's biographer, Max Brod, has told us that K was in the end to achieve at least a measure of success.

It is, I think, possible to feel for *The Castle* some of the wonder and reverence which our great-grandparents accorded to *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The chapter which Herr Tauber devotes to it is (like the rest of his book) thoughtful and discerning; but I cannot feel that his algebraic method will recommend itself to Kafka enthusiasts. And I can no more imagine a tyro approaching this curious genius through such a book as this, than I can imagine anyone learning musical appreciation by reading Helmholtz! It is true that the sub-title of the book—"An Interpretation"—warns us what to expect. Herr Tauber is very thorough in his way, but it is surprising to find that he attempts no estimate of the artist, and nowhere suggests that Kafka possessed a style which, for lucidity and bareness, might have been envied by Stendhal or Nietzsche. We ought not to blame a critic for adducing parallels in support of his theories, but we may expect the procedure to seem necessary. Why, for instance, drag in Rückert's *Life and Death* (a minor poem by a minor poet, connected in no way with Kafka) to press the point that human beings cling to life, even *in extremis*? Herr Tauber seems to delight in elaborating the obvious, and I'm afraid the translation does nothing to lighten the burden of his opaque prose.

As an artist Kafka relied, to a morbid extent, on the efficacy of dream symbols. We could have assumed this even before the publication of his Diaries and other fragments, in which it is evident that his interior monologue was rife with remembered nightmares. Some of these scenes are almost as unbearable to read of as they must have been to live with: one is not surprised that a man who dreamed he was caressing a prostitute whose back was covered with red sealing-wax sores, should have sought escape from this horrid obsession by writing *In the Penal Settlement*. Less simply disgusting, but somehow equally intolerable, is the astonishing vision of "Dr. M's daughter," also recorded in the Diary for 1911:

> This blind or weak-sighted child had both eyes covered by a pair of eye-glasses, the left, under a lens held at a certain distance from the eye, was milky-grey and bulbous, the other receded and was covered by a lens lying close against it. In order that this eyeglass might be set in place with optical correctness it was necessary, instead of the usual support going back of the ears, to make use of a lever, the head of which could be attached no place but to the cheekbone, so that from this lens a little rod descended to the cheek, there disappeared into the pierced flesh and ended on the bone while another small wire rod came out and went back over the ear.

Anyone who experienced the peculiarly disturbing effect of German Expressionist plays and films, in the years after the first war, will recognise in passages like this, whether in the Diaries or in the novels, a frame of mind which links Kafka, in so many respects a unique writer, with the first stirrings of an abortive aesthetic movement.

Elsewhere his visions, waking or sleeping, have a more general significance.

> I was stiff with cold, I was a bridge, and lay over an abyss. On this side my toes, on the other my hands, were firmly clutched into the friable clay. The skirts of my coat blew about my sides. From the bottom of the ravine came the noise of the icy trout-stream. No tourist lost himself among these pathless heights: the bridge was not yet marked on the maps. So I just lay and waited—had indeed to wait, for, once a bridge has been built, it cannot cease to be one without falling in.

Such an image reveals a fresh aspect of truth. To accept its full impact is to be encouraged to endure. As Herr Tauber implies, there is moral increment to be derived from everything Kafka wrote, but it is available only to those who can accept a bizarre view of the poetic.

There are few novelists whose literary forbears are less easily discernible than Kafka's. Like the heroes of his stories, his work shows no development. *The Castle* is an "improvement" on *The Judgment* and *The Metamorphosis* only in the sense that the later book is a subtler, deeper and more elaborate exploration of "the same" subject; it does not touch life at more points. What ancestry, then, are we permitted to trace, beneath the smooth yet homely surface of Kafka's narrative style? Stifter, beyond a doubt, for imageless clarity and an almost legendary innocence. And we have Max Brod's word for it that Kafka was greatly impressed by Laforgue's *Moralités Légendaires*. This is an important clue, for it helps to account for the cool detachment which prevents Kafka's tragic situations from degenerating into sentimental pathos. His humour, on the other hand, which is apt to be overlooked, recalls that of Dostoevsky and Dickens. More bitter and ironic, it is equally near to hysteria. In all three writers an effect of wild comedy arises from our perception of sane characters whose behaviour could hardly be less adaptable if they were mad. Yet the moment we think of them as mad, or even poor in humanity, they cease to be funny. Perhaps there is little danger, in these days of inspissated bureaucracy, of such a misunderstanding. The "Kafka scene"—whether in Post Office, Customs House, Passport Office or Ministry—is an even more farcical reality to us than was the Circumlocution Office to the first readers of *Bleak House*.

Meanwhile, the Diaries must be read. Jerky, repetitive, variable as a March day, they are the work of a good, affectionate nature streaked with a baroque violence. Like other writers, Kafka was fond of roughing out his stories in his diary. This habit, combined with the long, detailed accounts of nightmares, throws into a fantastic light the events of every day—visits to the theatre (clearly a very important feature of Kafka's life at this time), walks in the country, anxiety about his health, about constipation, about work. Especially about work. Kafka is a pastmaster at describing the torturing inhibition which afflicts some kinds of artists.

> I simply do not believe the conclusions I have drawn from my present condition, which has already lasted almost a year, my condition is too serious for that. Indeed, I do not even know whether I can say that it is not a new condition. My real opinion, however, is that this condition is new—I have had similar ones, but never one like this. It is as if I were made of stone, as if I were my own tombstone, there is no loophole for doubt or for faith, for love or repugnance, for courage or anxiety, in particular or in general, only a vague hope lives on, but no better than the inscriptions on tombstones. Almost every word I write jars against the next, I hear the consonants rub leadenly against each other and the vowels sing an accompaniment like Negroes in a minstrel show. My doubts stand in a circle around every word, I see them before I see the word, but what then! I do not see the word at all, I invent it. Of course, that wouldn't be the greatest misfortune, only I ought to be able to invent words capable of blowing the odour of corpses in a direction other than straight into mine and the reader's face. When I sit down at the desk I feel no better than someone who falls and breaks both legs in the middle of the traffic of the Place de l'Opéra. All the carriages, despite their noise, press silently from all directions, in all directions, but that man's pain keeps better order than the police, it closes his eyes and empties the Place and the streets without the carriage having to turn about. The great commotion hurts him, for he is really an obstruction to traffic, but the emptiness is no less sad, for it unshackles his real pain.

Yes, Kafka undoubtedly knew the worst, as Baudelaire knew it—and from the outset, as Baudelaire did not. Life confirmed only what he already knew; and although he experienced sudden strong perceptions of the joy of living, the power to make use of them was denied him. The kind of Puritanism that is born of psychological maladjustment gave intensity to his artistic vision, but robbed his nature of confidence and spontaneity. In the castle of self-doubt—impregnable because its walls are self-sealing—he retained a belief only in the truth of introspection. Immediately after the passage I have just quoted we read: "I won't give up the diary again. I must hold on here, it is the only place I can."

That was in 1910—two years before *The Judgment*, in which, by an act of explosive violence, Kafka burst the artery of his genius. It flowed convulsively for twelve years; and then he was dead.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

* *Franz Kafka.* By Herbert Tauber. Trans. G. Humphreys Roberts and Roger Senhouse. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

The Diaries of Franz Kafka, 1910—1913. Trans. Joseph Kresh and edited Max Brod. *Secker & Warburg.* 16s.

UNIQUE AND DECADENT

The Loved One. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

English poets were proving uncertain guides in the labyrinth of Californian courtship . . . nearly all were too casual, too despondent, too ceremonious, or too exacting.

I would say just that of Mr. Waugh on his conducted tour of Californian cemeteries, if I didn't feel that "exacting" is what he isn't. He exacts nothing from the uncritical reader out for a laugh; he exacts nothing from devotees who interpret misanthropy as idealism, or dislike of modern civilisation as moral indignation: and, most serious of all, he exacts too little from himself, an established writer of high talent.

The Loved One in certain scenes recalls the comic genius of *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies*. "My memory's very bad for live faces"; "Dog that is born of bitch hath but a short time to live"; "Your little Arthur is thinking of you in Heaven to-day, and wagging his tail"; lines like these are funny, even outside their contexts. His prodigious gift for evoking macabre yet fascinating horror by apparently simple means has never been more strikingly displayed. Dennis Barlow, a young English poet, takes a job at a pets' cemetery, the Happier Hunting Grounds, which provides for animals the lush "almost orgiastic" funeral rites popular in South California. Nearby is a more grandiose human embalming emporium, Whispering Glades: a mortuary hostess there (whose duties include the facial make-up of corpses before they are displayed in the Orchid Room to relatives) falls in love with him. Torn between his often "unethical" importuning, and the respectable though duller wooing of the senior mortician, Mr. Joyboy, and aided by the advice of a newspaper oracle, the Guru Brahmin, Aimée commits suicide in the mortician's workroom. Dennis, exploiting Joyboy's fear of a scandal, blackmails him to the tune of a thousand dollars, in return for bringing the body over to the crematorium in a pet-sheep container and shoving it into the furnace. The plot is ingeniously and vividly worked out, but the work as a whole is uneven, in planning, execution and feeling. Hollywood, funeral hypocrisy, and the ad-man's domain of nutbergers, Jungle Venom perfume, and peaches without stones are themes that have been well worked over before, more effectively indeed, by Mr. Aldous Huxley, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, and by various hands in the *New Yorker*, notably Mr. S. J. Perelman. Here, the satire on the English Cricket Club at Hollywood is disproportionately long and mechanical. Though Sir Francis, the Georgian poet laid off by Megalopolitan, who hangs himself by his braces, speaks individually, his knightly colleague Sir Ambrose wears his Eton Rambler tie and I Zingari ribbon in no more personal way than the Western Brothers. Mr. Waugh at his best would have recreated this hackneyed type: here it lies on the page lifeless as a Man of Distinction advertisement.

The reporting of the animal cemetery, the Happier Hunting Grounds, and of the human, Whispering Glades, is exact, and terrible; but when invented characters move into the documentary scene, they dispel the horror, and force on us the question of taste. Mr. Joyboy, the master mortician, might possibly make us accept without uneasiness his tale of love amid the formaldehyde and the farded corpses, because he is a creature existing outside life, in the sphere of fantasy or farce. Even so, we are not convinced, as we are by the "top hats polished with Guinness" of the magnificent song, "Ain't It Grand to Be Bloomin' Well Dead." And Aimée Thanatogenos, we cannot take for a minute. The author uses her to engage our pity; we are intended to believe in her as a human being; on her he lavishes "fine writing" to stir our feelings. And through this insistence we are driven to notice, despite the intended defensive irony of the following passage, a vulgarity apparent in the sentence rhythms, and the way the words are used to touch off an expected response:

Aimée, while working away at her employment as make-up girl to a Loved One,

> re-read the poem she had received from Dennis:
> Her little hands are soft and when
> I see her fingers move,
> I know in very truth that men
> Have died for less than love.

A single tear ran down Aimée's cheek and fell on the smiling waxy mask below her. She put the manuscript into the pocket of her linen smock and her little soft hands began to move over the dead face.

This is a cheapened form of "Sweeney" cross-cutting from the nightingales' singing to the dishonoured shroud: moreover it is only a particular instance of a general tendency to milk every situation, to overwork the dying fall.

As he spoke the sun sank below the bushy western hillside. The sky was still light but a shadow crept over the tough and ragged grass of the cricket field, bringing with it a sharp chill.

"Tough and ragged grass" is excellent, but the piece follows a cod conference on Hollywood funeral arrangements, the tone of which is roughly that of a West End revue, organised for laughs about conventional figures, broadly caricatured. The appeal to our feelings is at the level of some of the copy-writers Mr. Waugh elsewhere satirises. Even more damning than these lapses is the character of the hero, Dennis, the poet, pet-incinerator, quack clergyman, and general intellectual spiv, who is presented as the moral fixed-point from which the surrounding slough of vulgarity is surveyed, and condemned. Unfortunately, Dennis is unstable, immoral, dishonest, and, in the literary sense, phoney. Even his woman he chooses because she

> was unique, not indefinably: the appropriate distinguishing epithet leapt to Dennis's mind: sole Eve in a bustling, hygienic Eden, this girl was decadent . . . . she was what Dennis had vainly sought during a lonely year of exile.

His phoneyness is even more clearly shown by his attitude to art. He reads popular anthologies as "a drug, specific big magic" and this, we are supposed to believe, because "artists are by nature versatile and precise." On seeing his hanging friend's distorted face he feels "pleasantly exhilarated and full of curiosity" *because* this is "the kind of thing to be expected in the world he knew" (which has given him six literary prizes and a cushy job as Air Priority Officer).

The terrible vulgarity which Mr. Waugh, by implication, is attacking is "necessary to him," alerting his literary sense "like a hunting hound."

> It was not thus that one day he would write what had to be written, not here that the spirit would be appeased, which now more faintly pressed its mysterious claim. Rhythms from the anthologies moved softly through his mind.

What was moving with soft pace through Mr. Waugh's mind was not, in this case, the anthologies, but The Master, and the current "correct" view of how great artists live and work.

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LINDSAY DRUMMOND

We are told that Dennis is "a young man of sensibility not of sentiment," a statement contradicted by his every thought and action. We feel a similar contradiction between what Mr. Waugh intends us to understand are his values, and what the feel and texture of his writing reveal. Satire requires less erratic values than Mr. Waugh's style and characters suggest; like Swift in *A Modest Proposal*, the writer must hate life steadily and hate it whole. R. D. SMITH

L'APRÈS MIDI D'UN FAUNE

A Year More or Less. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Gollancz. 12s. 6d.*

Whether Dr. Joad has made any important contribution to philosophic thought, I am not qualified to judge. He is the best living populariser of philosophy; in this field he is the equal of Haldane or Julian Huxley in science. His capacity for swift, neat and lucid exposition, combined with his immense gusto, made him the most successful of Brains Trusters. A vigorous appetite for living is his outstanding characteristic; his many physical and intellectual activities must be kept going at full blast. Every day contains work and exercise, music and conversation, indoor and outdoor recreation. He hates being interrupted while he is reading and writing before lunch, which must be eaten in the company of some interesting person. There should be fierce physical exercise in the afternoon, and a good dinner to be followed by music, bridge or chess in the evening. On Saturdays hard tennis; on Sundays hockey (at which Joad achieved County standard). Riding and shooting are both fitted in frequently as well as work on his farm. Several times a year mountains are climbed. Two or three books must be written every year; innumerable lectures and articles must be delivered to the most varied audiences and journals. Every activity is planned beforehand and performed with the utmost energy. In addition, there must be the constant companionship of women. Joad's latest book is a kind of diary of twelve months; a record of the enjoyment of all these activities with philosophic comments on their accompanying pains and pleasures.

I used to think that Joad's restless activity was based on a sort of hedonistic calculus; how many pleasures, ranging from passion for sport to a passion for good food and wine, can be packed into twenty-four hours? But, in 1948, Joad, whose singular merit has always been candour, confesses that this effort to plan every minute of the day is a product of a terror of loneliness. As a child he was much left alone in hotels and suffered terribly from loneliness. He writes:

> This, I suppose, is my distinctive defect—that I am unable to contemplate an unplanned and unfilled tract of time. Why not? Because I shrink from being thrown for long upon my own resources, fearful lest consigned to my own company I should be bored; bored and worse than bored, for, being by myself, I feel tempted, indeed, forced to look within. . . . Thus, my life is a planned campaign against boredom and loneliness. On the whole the campaign succeeds well enough. I live a varied life and a more versatile one than most of my kind, playing games and doing country things as well as reading and writing books and living the life of a London intellectual. The fact that this variety and versatility which I am accustomed to claim as virtues are at bottom only bastions in the system of defences I have erected against loneliness and boredom, does not detract from their success in the eyes of the world, or, indeed, diminish the very real fun which I have had from them.

So, he explains, he has often used people as means to his own ends which is to avoid boredom. He has "layers of friends" whom he invites to his house, only to find himself bored with them before they are ready to leave:

> Thus, my life is spent in a perpetual alternation between two rhythms, the rhythm of attracting people for fear I may be lonely, and the rhythm of trying to get rid of them because I know that I am bored. This, of course, is apt to be disconcerting for the people and presently, as I have said, they find what I am after and give me up as a bad job. Moreover, since only second-rate people will put up with the treatment for any length of time, I tend to be surrounded with my inferiors.

Worse than this, he explains that, while it is possible to disguise boredom in other situations, it is particularly difficult for the lover. He has been attractive to many women; in one of his early stories he describes his appeal to their femininity as similar to that of a faun. As he was also an egocentric intellectual, he landed himself in difficulties, first, seeking female companionship because sex "like a mosquito is buzzing round," and then, "once the mosquito is swatted," finding that his one desire was to get rid of a new boredom and back to the work which the mosquito interrupted. How abominably, he says, he has treated women, "even going to the length of sending myself recalling telegrams in order to get away" from them! Perhaps, coldly considered, this frankness is less disagreeable than the insincere romanticism with which many Don Juans have hoped to excuse their mosquito-swatting episodes.

In such passages Dr. Joad is clearly unfair to himself. I know he is capable of genuine friendship. Women who read this book will recognise themselves as exceptions, knowing that, in fact, they and Joad have been fond of each other. These confessions are the self-flagellations of middle-age. Dr. Joad explains that he has developed a conscience. He describes his efforts to find a cure in developing resources within himself. He has joined the Church of England, and devotes an illuminating chapter to the defects of an Anglican service. Though still only in his fifties he is preoccupied with the fear of old age. In his day he has been the greatest of all enthusiasts for "summer schools"; they brought him into touch with large numbers of young people, who found him as good a leader in discussion as in games and hiking. He cannot walk so far or so fast as he once did; he can no longer end the day with a first-class lecture if he has scrambled at speed over rough tracks all day. He can still enjoy a visit to Oxford; but, unable to separate the elderly aesthetic from the young intellectual life, he enlarges, disastrously, in my view, on the misfortune that the young are now deprived of the opportunity of becoming connoisseurs of wine. He is even at a loss when it comes to spending an unplanned evening in his beloved Paris. He depicts himself as a philosopher whose philosophy does not solace his advancing years, and as a moralist who can explain superbly the remedies for human failings but not apply them to his own case.

Such confessions are an invitation to the moralist and I can easily imagine the admirable advice that Dr. Joad, philosophing in a Sunday paper, would offer to a suppliant who complained of such a fear of loneliness and of such an effort to overcome a deep anxiety by external activity. But in truth Dr. Joad is too frank. Only those with excellent figures should join the nudists, and only very simple and unself-centred people can afford to abandon reticence. Since none of us can completely know ourselves, public confession, for those who are not saints, too easily become exhibitionism. Dr. Joad could have afforded not to publish these passages. He has so much to say that is vigorous, well-written, fresh and enjoyable. The mood of ironic and detached self-criticism is excellently caught in a chapter on the humiliation of arguing about philosophy with Bertrand Russell. He elaborates an ingenious theory about the characteristics of different parts of England and the reasons why

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he sleeps well in some and not in others. Perhaps the most revealing chapter describes the painful pleasures of an exacting day on the mountains which ends with an exhilaration, almost an intoxication of the spirit, induced by mountain air and good music. Music and mountains have provided Joad with two most abiding pleasures in his life; here the two are blended in a valuable experience. Remembering these boyish and zestful passages, I shall probably disregard Joad's masochistic warning to his friends and bore him unutterably by accepting his next invitation to dinner and chess. KINGSLEY MARTIN

THIS SIDE OF GOOD AND EVIL

The West at Bay. By BARBARA WARD. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

"When bad men combine, the good men associate," says Miss Ward, quoting Burke on the title-page of her book. The neat antithesis, the simple contrast of good and evil, makes her study of Western Union easy to read and easy to understand. Amid the tumult that has arisen over the idea of Western association, she states the clear, central theme that the civilisation of the West, with its regard for human personality, deserves to be saved; from the tangle of projects, committees and finished work, she extricates what has already been achieved; and, finally, she describes the instruments with which the West may be unified in its common activities.

To emphasise that Miss Ward wrote her book in six weeks would not add to its essential merit. But it is a commendation of her knowledge, her skill as an economist and her orderly mind, that within so short a period she should have been able to write so detailed an analysis of the conflict between East and West, its origin and its likely development. Western Europe, weakened and disorganised by war, faces, in her view a Russia whose "Messianic urge" war has strengthened. In order to hold Russia off, she advocates a policy of "unhostile containment". This requires American aid, which the U.S.A., although Europe is heavily in her debt, will generously give, both from philanthropic motives and because her isolation from Communism depends on her taking part in Europe's affairs. After describing the origins and developments of the Marshall Plan and the European Co-operation Act, Miss Ward then turns, in the Fourth Part of her book, to the means and technique of Western Association.

So far, she has dealt with familiar material and argument. From now on, she develops the much-neglected case of how to create an organic European economy. Only a few years ago, Hitler with his New Order tried to build a Continental system in which the member-states would think in European terms and hold the East at bay. Hitler's failure sprang from the unwillingness of his neighbours to live in subservience to the Reich, or to acquiesce in economic plans when their interests were not consulted. Even the defence of the New Order was to be German. The New Order was a German Order, and Hitler's instruction "europäisch denken" was an instruction to think in German terms.

Underlying the whole of Miss Ward's argument is the premise that Western Union, unlike the New Order, must be a European Union by consent and between equal partners. For that reason, when she deals with the machinery of Western Association, she supports functional arrangements rather than constitutional authorities. Uno has shown the reluctance of States to surrender any part of their sovereignty. If, therefore, Western Europe is to be knitted together effectively for its collective benefit, it might be disastrous to wait until its members are converted to the idea of a United States of Western Europe. Now, when the countries of the West are tottering is the time for mutual support.

In military affairs, as Miss Ward shows, there is a quicker understanding of the value of joint commands, pooling of resources and division of labour, than in economic affairs. During the last war, SHAEF and the Middle East Supply Centre set an example of how different States could most effectively associate for similar objectives. No wonder then that in Western Union the soldiers have got away to a good start over the politicians and the economists in making joint plans and establishing joint headquarters.

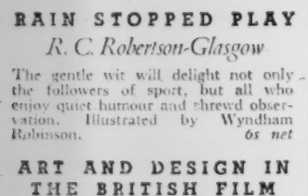
This is a circumstance to delight those in Europe who regard Western Union simply as a weapon for Russia's destruction. Miss Ward is not such a person. She wants to live on her side of the fence, seeing Western Union grow strong in peace. She wishes to see an extension of the organisations like the European Coal Organisation and the Combined Boards for Food and Raw Materials which began to multiply, for its better prosecution, during the war, and which served their members without dispute or veto.

Like others who believe in the value of functional co-operation between sovereign States, Miss Ward is attracted to the idea by its reasonableness, its logic and the proof, recorded in war, of its value. She would like to see an Iron and Steel Authority for Western Europe, rationalising the industries, allocating production and serving the general interest. She would like to see arrangements between the various national industries in the West to standardise and specialise. Her book does a considerable service in explaining that what was wrong with the pre-war cartel was not that it brought international arrangements into industry, but that it used its power to the public detriment. In Western Union, the cartel can have value, provided that Governments participate in it, and that their policies are thus related to the public advantage. Let the vertical cartel disappear, together with its throttling grip on interlinked and connected industries. But the horizontal cartel—the agreement between similar industries in different countries—is a useful form of organisation, one of the most effective ways in which sovereign States can grow together.

At this point Miss Ward's argument is not sustained. Although she speaks of the hesitancy of some sovereign States to make functional arrangements, the real resistance to many projects of mutual help in Western Europe is likely to come from the U.S.A., whose aid, in other respects, remains vital. The American dilemma, unconsciously illustrated by Miss Ward, is that certain of their principles of assistance to Europe are precisely those which will prevent Europe from helping herself.

For example, if the countries of Western Europe were to organise their tractor industries in such a way as to make the import of U.S. tractors superfluous, would not the U.S.A. protest that their tractor industry was being unfairly discriminated against? Or, in a different connection, how can the Americans expect the French to fulfil the export programme of the Monnet Plan, if at the same time they seek to make Western Germany independent by an enormous inflation of her exports to the West? These are paradoxes in the position of the U.S.A. which Miss Ward, while showing a proper appreciation of American friendship and good will, does not take sufficiently into account. The ultimate test of American benevolence will, of course, be whether the U.S.A., while rendering aid to Europe, will allow her to find her salvation in her own way.

At the end of this impressively lucid, convincing and intelligent discussion of Western Union, one is left with a doubt. Is not Miss Ward's case a little too symmetrical? Bad men in the East?



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Good men in the West? She pushes Franco aside, rather as a sport in the Western configuration. De Gaulle hasn't arrived. On the other hand, she recognises that the impulses of fraternity and equality, however much the Soviet Government may have debased those conceptions internally, still radiate into the imagination of men the world over, and that both in Eastern and Western Europe there are those who in sincerity and good will are stirred by Communist evangelism.

Miss Ward does not believe that East and West can be reconciled to anything better than a *modus vivendi*, since the Western conception of "good" and "evil" with its objective standards is a world removed from the Communist conception of "right" and "wrong." Whether we accept her rigid standards or not, she has certainly blown away some of the "mystique" of Western Union, explained its purposes and achievements in identifiable terms, and left the hope that the technique and instruments which to-day are helping to unify Western Europe may to-morrow serve to unite Europe as a whole.

MAURICE EDELMAN

PRISON

Penal Reform. By MAX GRÜNHUT. *Oxford University Press.* 30*s.*

A fascinating but curiously unsatisfying subject, full of dilemmas and disappointments. That is the impression which remains after infiltrating one's way through the five hundred pages of this painstakingly compiled and immensely comprehensive survey. Herr Grünhut anticipates it when he sums up the story as one of ideals and errors.

The history of prisons abounds in odd unexpected items that do not seem at first sight to conform to any particular pattern. Lawyers and those who know their history will not need to be reminded that imprisonment as a punishment, as opposed to a method of detention, was illegal under Roman Law. The resulting anomaly between administrative practice and legal doctrine, as Herr Grünhut shows, prevailed throughout the Middle Ages up to modern times. Feudalism had its own methods for dealing with allegedly anti-social types. Not until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with the break-up of feudalism and, especially in England, the appearance of hordes of "masterless men" did prisons start to function as part of a system for the protection of private property and the individual. Even so, some of the first Houses of Correction, like the original Bridewell, had a genuinely reformative intention. They left behind a curious legacy of miniature institutions so that as late as 1779 there were 130 English gaols and Bridewells with less than 10 inmates in each.

The most ironical episode in the whole story is provided by the attempts to reform the eighteenth-century prisons. The eighteenth-century English prison, familiar to readers of Fielding and Goldsmith, was something between a lunatic asylum, a brothel, a pesthouse, a concentration camp and a snug, if rather noisy club, all according to luck and the prisoner's financial circumstances. Continental conditions were not very different, though forced labour, the galleys and deportation were much more often substitutes for imprisonment. The reason for it, Herr Grünhut points out, was the undeveloped state of public administration. Dr. Bray, in his famous "Essay Towards the Reformation of Newgate," not published till 1849, lists six "Principal Vices" as responsible for the deplorable state of affairs: "Personal Lewdness of the Keepers; the unlimited Use of Spirits; Swearing and Gaming; Corruption of Newcomers by old Criminals; neglect of all Religious Worship." It is a list that would make any modern lag's mouth water. Who, except a Yogi, faced with a choice between five years to be served in either Old Newgate or New Parkhurst, would hesitate? The risks of Gaol Fever, the "garnish" (running the gauntlet if you couldn't stand a round of drinks on arrival), perhaps even death from starvation if you had no money at all and no friends outside, would count for nothing, beside the prospects, however illusory, of a little sociability.

Yet the results of all the efforts of high-minded sincere reformers such as Howard and Bentham turned out to be that frightful period which Herr Grünhut labels "the triumph of solitary confinement." Howard foresaw the dangers but his warnings were unheard. The new, cellular prisons introduced by the Pennsylvanian Quakers horrified Dickens; "they do not know what it is they are doing," he wrote. Bentham, dizzy with the success of his famous invention, the Panopticon, a simple arrangement of cells built in a circle, all visible from a centre, puffed it as: "Morals reformed, health preserved, industry invigorated, instruction diffused, public burdens lightened, economy seated as it were upon rock . . . all by a simple idea in architecture."

Little did he dream what it really meant.

Herr Grünhut's comparison of prison systems and conditions also reveals interesting and sometimes terrifying anomalies. In Belgium, "the model country of a rigid solitary system," even as late as 1924, men had to live ten years in isolation. The French system has been overshadowed by transportation. American prisons vary so much, from the Georgia Chain Gang and the backward southern state prison with cold water tortures and gagging, to experiments in prisoners' self-government often inspired by Thomas Mott Osborn, the famous governor of Sing Sing who insisted on serving a short sentence himself to see what it was like. The material which Herr Grünhut cites about modern Soviet Russian prisons is disappointingly thin.

In Germany, under the Weimar Republic, Herr Grünhut was himself associated with a band of determined penal reformers led by M. Liepmann. It is a pity he does not tell us more about his experiences at first hand, but he eschews reporting and keeps to an abstract, academic method of presentation that may be suitable for a specialised public of penologists who know from personal experience what prison is like but is rather hard on the general reader. To be told, for instance, of the Chelmsford experiment, that "persistent offenders between the ages of 21 and 30 were kept under a modified scheme combining firm control with intense physical training and systematic education," is not really to be told an awful lot.

But his conspectus is tremendously thorough. Despite his cautious, academic approach, Herr Grünhut himself is quite clearly in favour of the boldest methods and fully understands the peculiar psychological features of the public's attitude towards the criminal as scapegoat. His final conclusion, one that will horrify the diehards, is that, "after 150 years of prison reform, the outstanding feature of the present movement, is its scepticism concerning imprisonment *altogether*."

MAURICE RICHARDSON

ESCAPIST

Rex Whistler: His Life, and His Drawings. By LAWRENCE WHISTLER. *Art and Technics.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Rex Whistler was saved from anachronism by his feeling for the nostalgia of his time. Others of his generation still favoured jazz patterns, but he and his contemporaries sought a dream world as far away as possible from the growing ugliness, where everything would be either "pretty" or "funny" or both, where there would be no harsh outlines, only arabesques and garlands. Taste,

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which Ruskin had long ago buried under a high Gothic tomb, was re-housed in an arcaded structure surmounted by broken pediments and Corinthian capitals. Geoffrey Scott's *The Architecture of Humanism*, published in 1914, inspired the first pilgrimages to the Palladio country, to Baroque Portugal or Austria. Even at home Georgian country houses, so long taken for granted, excited such attention as they had not received since they were built. Here was a movement in which the amateur architect, interior decorator and interested dilettante could indulge their taste, and with comparative ease become almost experts.

The artist of this escape was Rex Whistler. In his exquisite drawings nothing is inelegant. Reality has been pared right away. If poverty raises an ugly head, its rags hang in decorative folds. Even the tank from his army notebook is decked up as a Baroque float chugging across a pastoral landscape. Like the children in one of his drawings, who sit listening to a fairy story under the trees, we are grateful for being enchanted. Yet however successfully he beguiled his public, Whistler remained a *pasticheur*. Born out of his time—a court decorator without a court—in the eighteenth century he would have had so much more scope for his gifts, and might even have become the equal of Pillement, Huet or Thornhill. Certainly he was justified in adopting the idiom of an earlier period. His eighteenth-century conceits were not a mannerism; they were his whole art, and he made them into a style of his own—a bastard style with overtones of romance which gave his fundamental classicism a charm and warmth. When he tried contemporary artistic conventions the results were banal and uninteresting.

Whistler's innate good taste and technical proficiency saved him from the mawkish or trivial. Sentimental he often is, but his wit, competence and strength help him to avoid the obvious pitfalls of a *pasticheur*: whimsy and preciosity. At the same time he was never content to get easy effects by using the smart freakishness of some contemporary French designers. Of course he was limited. His manner occasionally developed into a formula, and his style became repetitive and slick; the drawings for A. E. W. Mason's *Königsmark* seem a long way away from the inventive and astringent illustrations he did in 1930 for *Gulliver's Travels*, one of the best of modern illustrated books. Then again he treated architectural motifs with a sensitivity that is quite lacking in his treatment of figures. Statues seem lively, where human beings have a posed and frozen woodenness. For this reason he was often at his best working in the theatre or for the ballet, where a feeling for decorative unreality is never out of place, and where his settings were enlivened by real people.

I hope that this book is not the definitive one about this artist. By its very nature his art seems to require far more lavish treatment than it receives in this modest and not very well-produced publication. His drawings, mostly illustrations for books, lose by being seen out of their context, and his decors and murals certainly deserve a place in any commemorative volume.

Lawrence Whistler's appreciation is not merely a conventional piece of piety, it enables us to recapture the charm—so evanescent and difficult to pin down—with which his elder brother bewitched his friends. Against the Elysian background of country-house life before the war, we see him making sketches for a mural that will reproduce the grey-green elegance of the park outside. The gramophone plays, and the gentle, if pointed, malice of his companions echoes the scratching of his clumsily held pen. "Laughter in the bathroom, in the bar-room, in the ball-room," wrote a friend, "but the laughter is an urn." His loss during the invasion of Normandy was certainly a sad one. JOHN RICHARDSON

SELECTED BETJEMAN

Selected Poems. By JOHN BETJEMAN. Chosen with a Preface by JOHN SPARROW. *John Murray*. 8s. 6d.

When I was fourteen I thought one ought to be an aesthete and not use school slang. Then I went to tea with Betjeman in his study, and heard him use school slang in inverted commas. It was the revealing light. *Barnes, tolley, oiler, bin*, these were no longer the words of Marlburians who did not know about Van Gogh, but magic words of control, by which the business of being at a public school could be mocked and understood and enjoyed. In his poetry Mr. Betjeman has always been able to capture "the language really used by men", and especially by men when they are most vividly representative of their class or type. Just as it has always been found funny that people should be of different sexes (it is strictly incongruous) it is funny too, that people should be of different classes; and the funniest moment of this joke is when they are pinpointed by an eccentric but exactly centered blasphemy upon the holiness of the English language. Pleasure in being in a different drawer from other people is called snobbery, and it is generally allied with contempt. Mr. Betjeman has not always been free from it. His *Varsity Students Rag* begins:

I'm afraid the fellows in Putney rather wish they had
The social ease and manners of a 'varsity undergrad,
For tho' they're awf'lly decent and up to a lark as a rule,
You want to have the 'varsity touch after a public school.

This is very funny because the observation in 1929 of the "fast" undergraduate from a minor public school is wonderfully correct. But the poem is distasteful because it is contemptuous and lacking in sympathy. No other poem by Mr. Betjeman is in this category. The most important point about him is that he likes people very much indeed, even, or perhaps especially, when he is appalled by them. He finds them fantastically funny because they are different, because they are "human and absurd", but he also loves them. Charity, we know, is not enough. The poet "binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society", but he is only a poet if he can discover the binding words. These have always been given to Mr. Betjeman. Alice and Lilian in The Regent Palace are Immortals:

Settled down at last from Bootle,
Alice whispered, "Just a min,
While I pop upstairs and rootle
For another safety-pin."
Dreamy from the band pavilion
Drops of the *Immortal Hour*
Fell around the lonely Lilian
Like an ineffectual shower . . .

The reassurance, though partial indeed, is comforting, in its way:

Alice will not have a rough time,
Nor be quite the same again.

Mr. Betjeman's attitude to differences in people is the key to that poetry which is peculiarly his own creation—poetry about architecture, like Alice, gone wrong. Th' encaustic tile, the marble brown and veinéd in the famous *Hymn;* the semi-circular pitchpine sea with electric light installed, each kitchenette and Drage-way drawing-room of gabled Rosslyn Avenue, the bottle-glass of Welwyn, the white wriggling woodwork of Westgate, the spire of St. Saviour's, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, London, N., that "bulges over the housetops, polychromatic and high". These are established not in contempt but in that sympathy and understanding and mockery which are Mr. Betjeman's extraordinary gift to poetry.

Mr. John Sparrow, who made this selection of Mr. Betjeman's poems, writes a preface to them

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in the manner of homage for a seventieth birthday. In this style he says some admirable things. He notes that Mr. Betjeman has an exquisite sense of place, and that "besides this unusual sensibility, he possesses the still rarer gift of being able to seize upon the effective features of each scene, and endow them with an appropriate rhythm, with their own peculiar tune". He shows how the poet has refused to be detained by his admirers: the fashionable bard of gaslight and suburbia has become a poet comparable with Thomas Hardy. This is justly attributed to a growth in "fellow-feeling for humanity, intensified by his religious beliefs." There is, I expect, a secret joke in writing pompously about these poems—incongruity about incongruity. So it is perhaps funny of Mr. Sparrow not to say that they are funny.

The selection is a good one, though it omits *The Flight from Bootle, Camberley,* and *Westgate-on-Sea.* There are four new poems: *St. Saviour's,* mentioned above; *Indoor Games near Newbury* (which first appeared in this journal), telling of fifteen-year-old love in a perfection of old metre and new image; and two longish poems in blank verse about Cornwall, in which all the poet's qualities are brilliantly brought together.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

THE YOUNG M. DUHAMEL

Light on My Days. By GEORGES DUHAMEL. Translated by Basil Collier. *Dent.* 15s.

To write at any length about one's childhood and adolescence is a romantic luxury whose cult to-day would, I think, have perplexed many of our literary ancestors. In how apologetic a sentence does a Gibbon touch upon these unmannerly years! The great Russians—but where is the border-line between their life and fiction? Still, M. Duhamel is a compatriot of Chateaubriand and Rousseau; and now in his sixties, with a formidable reputation as an author, he has earned the right to what must be, for a novelist, a particularly perilous indulgence. For may he not, in ridding himself of demons, dispel too much of his mystery? *Light on My Days* which is a translation of the first two parts of M. Duhamel's autobiography, ending at his twenty-second year) is indeed a curious mirror to the early books of the *Pasquier Chronicles.* M. Duhamel explains that his memories are of two kinds, those of his real and those of his imaginary life. "My purpose in assembling these memoirs," he tells us, "is to win back from my day-dreams what does not belong to them."

But this book is evidence that they are not so easily disentangled. The setting is already familiar: the middle-class family living on the uneasy borders of respectable poverty, now in Le Havre, now in Paris, now in one or another suburb. The anchorage is provided by the mother, that hard-working, much-enduring woman; the restlessness by the father, the mercurial Pierre-Emile Duhamel, a man of few friends and no roots, of half a dozen careers, and one fixed ambition—to become a doctor. He achieves this quite late in his married life, in the face of extraordinary difficulties. Even then he cannot settle long in one practice, but is continually changing, interrupting his children's schooling, causing one daughter to accept an absurd suitor to avoid the next move to a gloomy provincial town where, after all, they do not stay for long. He affronts his colleagues by putting on his balcony a large gilt sign: "Doctor," and a jingling bell on his horse. He has one liaison after another, generally with the current servant girl. He is vain, obstinate, incalculable. To the children, he knows everything—and is always in a hurry. He informs them one day that they must in future write their name Du Hamel. And at sixty this nomad suddenly has a family vault—with fourteen compartments—built at the village of Septeuil, where in 1928 he was buried.

It is not really surprising that the young Georges Duhamel grows up with a passion for what is formal, solid and regular. The pale little boy in the black pinafore who stops in the Boulevard Diderot at the age of four, struck by the *orderly* beauty of Paris, is still to be traced in the clever schoolboy who takes steps to become a doctor in spite of his haphazard education and some appalling experiences during his own illnesses; and in the silly romantic student who finds beauty in science as well as in his chief love, music, and believes, then and thereafter, in "reconciliation, concord and harmony." All very much like Laurent Pasquier, in fact. The family unit is essential to his ideal of order; we never at any time forget that M. Duhamel is a son or a father. He is enormously influenced by masters and friends, whom we see here, and in the novels. For in this way (as M. Duhamel implies) the writer can pay his debts, or exorcise grief or guilt. Thus, Justin of the *Pasquier Chronicles* was a schoolboy friend, killed in an accident at the age of fourteen, and given there the life that he was never able to live. And the young Duhamel bestows on the young Pasquier certain striking experiences from his own story: the indignant visit to his father's mistress is one of them.

While *Light on My Days* reveals the sources of M. Duhamel's novels with disconcerting candour, it is also a record of a humane and industrious man who has much that is valuable (or provocative) to say on education, on being a writer, on music, on the philosophy of friendship, on the "vast appetite for suffering" that distinguishes men from beasts. But the author's patent satisfaction in his achievement as a professional and family man is vaguely troubling. And, apart from aphorisms and episodes, the book moves slowly; a kind of complacency blurs the edge of the writing; the album characters cease to live when the pages are closed. Perhaps there are too many discourses. Where we might expect the narrative to be clear cut, it is rambling and pensive. Perhaps too much of this story has become the stuff of fiction to be clearly recalled. Its remoteness is not lessened by the translation, faithful but savourless, which gives to the author's most confiding statements an unintimate air, so that we seem to be reading him always through a pane of glass.

NAOMI LEWIS

Soviet Politics. By FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN. *Robert Hale.* 21s.

Sensible books about the Soviet Union are rare; and this one cannot be passed over without gratitude. It has many faults: rhapsodical style; a mixture of scholarship and guesswork; and, appearing here two years after its publication in the United States, it is often out of date—for instance, Mr. Schuman denies the existence of a secret protocol to the Nazi-Soviet pact. Moreover, Mr. Schuman changes his ground during the narrative. Before the war he was the most violent opponent of Munich, convinced that only Soviet policy was without flaw. The Nazi-Soviet pact threw him out of step, and he now takes the view that there is nothing to choose between the Soviet Union and the United States—both resist world union which is, he insists, the only hope of mankind. Even so, the merits of the book outweigh the faults. A balance is attempted between the Russian and Marxist elements in Soviet policy; the Soviet leaders are represented as human beings—hard-headed, experienced administrators, though without knowledge of the outer world; most of all, Soviet policy is shown to have been consistent from 1917 to the present day. The reader, once he can break through the forbidding literary crust, will learn a great deal about Soviet policy; and will probably emerge untinged by the rosy Utopian haze in which Mr. Schuman concludes.

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No. 982

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A current advertisement popularises a new sort of dialogue doggerel, an adapted example of which would read:

"There's something I should like to borrow, Corot."
"That's all right as long as it isn't money, Monet."

The usual prizes are offered for a set of two such couplets on the names of painters or sculptors. Entries by Dec. 21st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 979

Set by Allan M. Laing

The usual prizes are offered for a "trivium" (not more than 150 words) in the manner of the late Logan Pearsall Smith, on Gallup Polls.

Report by Allan M. Laing

Although there are more difficult tasks than imitating Pearsall Smith's peculiar brand of whimsicality, shrewdness and shock tactics, this was definitely not a competition for backwoodsmen. I did not expect, nor did I get, a big entry; but never in the course of my experience has such a large proportion of competitors got so near to their model. There was not one entry which did not do credit to its author.

L. P. S.'s own method of dealing with questioners of the Gallup type, by the way, may be found in at least two of his "Trivia"—those headed "Evasion" and "Misapprehension".

Do what I could, I found it impossible to reduce my final choices to fewer than seven; and to reach this figure I had to come down like a load of bricks on trifling faults of punctuation, spelling and phraseology which, among entries of a lower standard, I should have passed over. Highly commended were D. H., P. J. Terry, R. J. P. Hewison, Frank Singleton, M. P. Maggs, and L. E. J. I suggest that the prize money be divided equally among those whose entries are printed below.

"The Gallup Poll will enable us to know in advance the result of anything," said the young lady in the blue dress.

I thought in rapid succession of "Hamlet," the loss of the "Mary Celeste," and the identity of Shakespeare's "W.H." Then I ran out of particular mysteries, and shrouded myself in a general Gothic gloom of the uncertain, the unascertained, the unascertainable. I saw the dreadful illumination of the Poll banishing all the cobwebs and obscurities, and so all the little candles of half-knowledge, by which I, a timid man with a need for fantasy, keep my existence alternately shaded and lit. I saw the awful dawn of the Age of Certainty. I saw already the Ration Book of Opinions and the Office for the Registration of Intentions.

The young lady's eyes were limpid and innocent. I could not tell her the Truth. "I do hope you are right," I murmured. E. W. BLISHEN

"We should," he said, in confidential and comfortable tones, "be greatly obliged if you would tell us whether you approve or disapprove of Polygamy. I represent the Gallup Polls, and your opinion, as a member of the higher income group, would be appreciated."

At that moment, by my own fireside, I was alone in the Antarctic gazing at an ice-blue glacier in whose clefts the sky was held in timeless cold storage.

I gratefully realised that at last I was one of those who really mattered. The world was panting for my opinion. I groped for a phrase—"an Electuary, a Prophylactic that will cure Promiscuity": or perhaps "the Upas Tree of Family Life."

My interrogator waited, expectant pencil hovering over notebook—

"Don't know," I said. He entered my opinion. E. W. FORDHAM

"Now, you will tell me, won't you?" said the intelligent young lady, "what you think should be done to reduce the cost of living?"

"My dear young lady," I cried, "whenever such questions are put to me, I find myself a disciple of Pyrrho, who studied in India under the Gymnosophists and under the Magi in Persia. He held that one can never be certain whether one course of action is better than another. How can I say what measures should be taken to reduce the cost of living, or to increase the population? I am not even sure that eight people should be allowed to stand inside a bus. We are a small band, we doubters, and yet——"

The young lady looked dazed for a moment. Then she opened her notebook and made an entry on a page, at the head of which was written "DON'T KNOW." NORA WHITE

What exquisite pleasure, in our democracy, to be free to make up one's own mind. And yet what exquisite torture to be forced to make up one's own mind. So much to be said, and so much said, on every side. As for the making up of our vast, shifting, kaleidoscopic democratic mind—that, it transpires, is neither pleasant nor painful. It is a simple matter of arithmetic. You go out and ask people questions; and the people who are asked questions are friendly and unsophisticated. They neither punch noses nor slam doors. And by the special intervention, one can only suppose, of Providence, they have the answers pat. The answers are added, and behold the communal mind.

Yet there is a hitch. Providence, like a commission agent, works on a percentage basis. And one can never be sure whether he adds or subtracts his five per cent. S. W. H.

(address please)

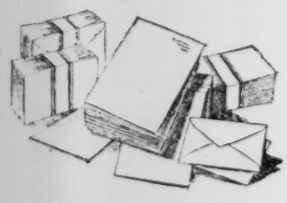
And as I walked in the early dusk along Panton Street, a calm Indifference filled my thoughts. Amidst this crowd which buffeted me and bore me along, I was alone; separated from these scurrying people by gulfs of sublime Detachment, I was a Visionary amongst Materialists. In the evening glow, a gigantic purple crocus flowered against the sky: I saw it growing, rootless and radiant, out of the hard pavement. What, I wondered, would be the answer to my request if I plucked one by the sleeve and asked his opinion of this Celestial Flower?

Then I remembered that to such questions posed at the kerbside only one of three answers was possible. I reached the Haymarket, and turned to catch another glimpse of the bloom.

"Should I have asked ——," I whispered, as I bowed furtively to the vision. ARTHUR BIRT

"Do you approve of Steel Nationalisation?"
"Will Truman win?"
"Do you think conscription should be continued as it is at present?"
"Is the housewife having a fair deal?"
"What about the Lords?"

Hesitant, timid, self-critical, I read in the papers about the Great Decisions of our Age; how 53 per cent. approve of football pools, and 11 per cent. are against Marshall Aid, how 23 per cent. want to abolish fox-hunting, and 31 per cent. are reconciled to it. Overwhelmed, I abase myself at the shrine of that great god Gallup, who, one must believe, holds a sway that neither Alexander nor Augustus nor the Popes of Rome achieved in their Empires. But beside all the heroic figures who can withstand this Great Being, there exists, undecided and despicable, a Great Flock of Sheep who lack strength thus summarily to distinguish between the powers of Light and Darkness; and when at last the new Recording Angel knocks at my door and asks whether electric irons shall continue to interfere with the wireless—"I don't know," I shall gibber as I fall senseless at his feet. CANONICUS



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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIV. of Wales. Univ. College of N. Wales, Bangor. The Council will shortly appoint Professor of Botany, with effect from Oct. 1, 1949. Sal. £1,450 p.a., plus superann. and family allowances. Applics. should be lodged with Glyn Roberts, Secy. and Registrar, from whom further partics. should be obtained, by December 31, 1948.

WEST Riding C.C. Bretton Hall Training College. Appointment of Principal. In Sept., 1949, the West Riding Educ. Ctee. proposes to open a Training College for men and women teachers at Bretton Hall, which stands within 5 miles of Wakefield and is surrounded by 200 acres of fine park land and extensive lakes. College will provide a teaching qualific. for students who wish to specialize in the teaching of the arts, and though it will offer courses in Music, Art and Drama, its principal aim will be to produce Specialist Teachers with a practical understanding of the way in which these arts together should be used in educ. of the normal primary and secondary school child. Ctee. do not intend to restrict the applics. to specialists in one or other of subjects with which the College in mainly concerned, but invite applics. from educationists with sincere convictions about the value of the kind of training which the College will offer. Sal. scale for a man will be £1,000×£50—£1,200, and for a woman £800×£50—£950, plus the usual residential emoluments, and the post is considered by Ctee. as one of the most important in their service. Forms of applic. and partics. of duties and conditions of appointment from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, to whom applics. should be submitted by Jan. 8.

UNIV. College of the Gold Coast. Applics. invited for post of Deputy Librarian. Sal. will be in scale £660 p.a. (plus £150 p.a. expatriation allowance) to £1,000 p.a. (plus £300 p.a. expatriation allowance). Point of entry will be determined by qualifics. and exp. Previous exp. in a university or learned library important. Applics. (six copies) incl. names of three refs. and full partics. of qualifics., should be submitted before Dec. 20, 1948, to Secy., Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 8 Park St. London, W.1.

B.B.C. invites applics. for a post as Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Dept. to be concerned with Modern Language and other programmes. A Modern Language degree, a good oral knowledge of French and German and some feeling for writing and radio presentation, are primary qualifics.; but pref. will be given to candidates of wide general culture and varied exp., especially in teaching. Starting sal. £610 (may be higher if qualifics. and exp. are exceptional), rising by £40 to £890 max. Applics. must be made on prescribed form which can, tog. with further details of post and information on superann. position of teachers serving with B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Schools N.Stm." Closing date for receipt of completed applic. forms is Dec. 25.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Assistant to Head of Catering Department. A sound educ. and training and exp. in catering work are essential. Work is of an admin. and supervisory nature, calls for considerable organising ability and imagination in catering for large numbers in different parts of the country, and involves dealing with catering staff of all grades from a practical angle. Starting sal. £610 (may be higher if qualifics. and exp. are exceptional), rising by £40 to £890 max. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Catering N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of secretary in Swedish Section of Overseas Services. Candidates must have perfect Swedish and a fair knowl. of English and shtd., and first-class typing; a good radio voice is desirable. Duties include taking dictation in Swedish straight on to typewriter and writing letters in Swedish. Max. starting sal. would be £5 4s. 6d. plus 10s. p.w. language allowance, rising by annual increments of 4s. 6d. a week to £5 15s. 6d. In the case of a non-British candidate recruited outside Britain, an expatriation allowance of £135 p.a. would also be paid and the cost of travelling to and from London at beginning and end of engagement would be borne by the Corporation. Appointment would normally be for not more than 3 years. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse. W.1, marked "Swedish Secretary, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

MUSIC Adviser. The Northumberland and Tyneside Council of Social Service invites applics. for this post which includes work with Council for the Arts, Music and Drama in Northumberland, promoting and advising groups, and conducting. Min. commencing salary £375 or according to qualifics. Further partics. (stamped addressed env.) from Director, N. & T.C.S.S., 17 Ellison Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

KENT Educ. Ctee. Resident Matron reqd. for a home for fifteen girls between ages of 9 and 17 years in Maidstone. Sal. £270, rising by annual increments of £12 to a max. of £420 with free residential emoluments valued at £78 p.a. Appointment subject to the provisions of Local Govt. Superannuation Act, 1937. Medical exam. necessary. Forms of applic. returnable by Dec. 18, from County Education Officer (P/W.6), Springfield, Maidstone.

Appointments Vacant—continued

SURREY C.C. Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited from suitably qualified persons for post of County Inspector of Education, to commence duties on 1st July, 1949. Sal. scale £1,250×£50—£1,400. Forms of applic. and further partics. may be obtained from Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to whom completed applics. should be returned by Dec. 18, 1948.

NATIONAL Peace Council shortly appointing Director who must have organising and speaking abilities and exp. and wide kndge. of international affairs. Commencing sal. £600-£700 according to qualifics. Applics. with recent testimonials and refs. to Chairman, National Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

COLEG Harlech. Applics. invited for two Posts as Assistant Tutors (men or women) to cover between them the teaching of Economics (pref. with emphasis on Trade Unionism), English and History. Welsh an advantage. Salary £450 p.a. Appointments will be for two yrs. in first inst. Further partics. from Sec., Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth, by whom applics. must be received by Dec. 20.

COUNTY of Kent. Planning Dept. Applics. invited for post of Personal Assistant (Male or Female) to the County Planning Officer, at salary in accordance with Higher Clerical Grade of Natl. Scheme of Conditions of Service, namely, £440, rising to £485 for males and £354 rising to £390 for females. Person appointed will be a contributory employee under Local Govt. Superannuation Act, 1937, and will be reqd. to pass medical exam. Applicants must be able and willing to carry out duties of secretarial character, and have been educated to Matriculation standard. Pref. will be given to Univ. graduates. Interest in subject of town and country planning would be advantage. Applics., in own handwriting, stating age, qualifics., exp., present and previous appointments & present sal., tog. with names of 2 refs., should reach County Planning Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, by Dec. 20.

GUILDFORD Sunset Homes. Warden (Lady) reqd. in Home for 35 elderly folk opening shortly—sympathetic understanding, organising ability and catering exp. essential—salary £250 p.a. res. Assistant with some nursing exp. and Cook (used to Aga) also needed. Apply stating exp., and age, Sec., 1 Trinity Churchyard, Guildford.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE C.C. Educ. Dept. Hostel for Maladjusted Girls, 8 Manor Park, Ruddington. Accommodation—20. Applics. invited for follg. posts of (a) Matron (salary £250×£10 p.a.—£350), and (b) Assistant Matron (salary £150×£10 p.a.—£200). Commencing salaries according to qualifics. and exp. Full residential emoluments are also provided for each post. Pref. given to applicants who hold qualifics. in Child Psychology and/or who have had exp. in care of maladjusted children. Applic. forms and further partics. obtainable from Director of Educ., County Hall, Trent Bridge, Nottingham.

SURREY C.C. Children's Ctee. To Women who are interested in Children. Applics. invited from persons who are interested in working with children for resident posts of Asst.-Matron in the following Children's Homes. Salary £208×£7¼—£260 p.a. plus free emoluments valued at £78 p.a. Applics. will be considered from persons without previous exp. Surbiton accommodating 13 boys aged 5-10 yrs.; Hampton Wick, accommodating 15 girls aged 5-15 yrs.; New Malden, accommodating 9 boys and girls aged 3-5 yrs., (reception unit); Caterham (nr. Croydon) accommodating 17 boys and girls aged 3-5 yrs.; Godalming (nr. Guildford), accommodating 15 boys and girls aged 5-15 yrs.; Bramley (nr. Guildford), accommodating 9 boys aged 5-10 yrs. Applic. forms and conditions of service on receipt of a stamped (2½d.) addressed env., from Children's Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

GIRLS' Club Leader, age groups 10-18 yrs. and Play Centre. Sal. £150-£200 according to exp. and qualifics., plus board residence. Full partics. and testimonials to Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St. Dundee.

HARASSED Principal seeks efficient cooperative staff for Home School for January. Matron, young Assistant and Housekeeper, pref. friends or relatives. Apply Raymont School, Shortlands, Kent. Tel. Rav. 3272.

MISTRESS wanted for January or May. Junior House of Preparatory School, North Scotland, some exp. essential. Box 6765.

HEAD lady cook reqd. January. Household of 150. 2 Asst. lady cooks. Hollington Park School for Girls, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

BELTANE School needs good cook January. Child of school age welcomed. Apply Principal, Beltane School, Shaw, Melksham, Wilts.

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